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PUBLIC LIFE IN INDIA.

Memoir of the Life and Public Services of Sir Thomas Stamford Raffles, F.R.S., in the Government of Java, &c. By his Widow. 1 vol. 4to. London, 1830. Murray.

The subject of this memoir is *Thomas Stamford Raffles*, a name neither unknown in Britain, nor unrecorded in the annals of Asia. If extensive observation of foreign nations, and a vivid description of the peculiarities of distant climes, with an elaborate survey of foreign manners, customs, laws, religion, and local ceremonies, possess any attractions—if novelty and variety have any charms, the splendid volume now before us bids fair to establish a legitimate claim to the patronage of the public, and to universality of reception. It is not a work to be classed with that torrent of biography, with which the overweening partialities of relatives and friends have of late years literally deluged Europe, and with the characteristics of which the valuable memoir under examination has nothing in common.

Thomas Stamford Raffles was born at sea in 1781; his father was Benjamin Raffles, a captain in the West India trade. He received his rudiments of education at Hammersmith. At the early age of fourteen he entered the India House as extra clerk; there, "chained to the duties of an office," his assiduity procured him friends, and in 1805, he embarked for Penang, as assistant secretary to government.

Had Sir T. S. Raffles lived, we hold it problematical whether the present quarto could have been much abridged, without materially abating from the interest which, in its present state, (excepting the zoological department,) it is so well calculated to excite. The work might indeed have been improved by judicious compression, but the mass of materials which an indefatigable disposition, and unusual facilities and opportunities of acquirement, had enabled him to collect, demanded a power of discrimination and selection with which he does not appear to have been eminently gifted either by nature or education.

To follow Sir Stamford through all the gradations of his public career, from the humble assistant secretary at Penang, to the high rank of Lieut.-Governor over a population of twelve millions of inhabitants, would require infinitely more space than our limits would allow us to devote to it. We will, therefore, touch upon such points of his memoir only, as appear most important, and most entitled to the notice of the public.

It will be conceded that his situation as Lieut.-Governor of Java, after the conquest of the island under the immediate direction of Lord Minto, did not place him on a bed of roses. The varied, novel, and extensive duties of his administration, under circumstances of peculiar embarrassment, required much vigilance, and unremitted exertion. Though it may be admitted that the colouring given to his position at this juncture has been somewhat overcharged, yet a man of his active pursuits, who, in such a climate, could so abstract himself from physical and intellectual exhaustion, as "constantly to devote himself to business from four in the morning until eleven at night," under the aggravating consciousness too, that in all great measures of government he was absolutely acting upon his own responsibility, must have been endowed with an elasticity and buoyancy of mental power seldom equalled. But we must be permitted to observe, that such intense and continued application to public business, though a proof of unusual energy, is no proof that Sir Stamford had succeeded in establishing such a well regulated system as might and should have relieved him from that portion of drudgery and labour, which would have been more suitably performed by subordinates. A colonel has enough to do, without taking upon him the duties of major, captain, adjutant, serjeant, corporal, and drummer! Amid all his troubles and difficulties, it is pleasing to observe in what terms of confidence and affection he everywhere eulogizes the mother of his children. In one of his letters to the Duchess of Somerset, he says:—"I assure you I stand much in need of advice, and were is not for Lady Raffles, I should have no counsellor at all. She is nevertheless a host to me, and if I do live to see you again, it will be entirely owing to her love and affection: without which I should have been cast away long ago. If it please God we have health, we hope to pass the next two months pleasantly enough in this interesting occupation." p. 526.

The present volume is announced as a memoir of the life and public services of Sir Stamford, and accordingly that forms the main—the principal feature of the work. The execution is honourable to the fair compiler. The style is easy and perspicuous; there is a certain keeping throughout, and the *tout ensemble* displays a degree of taste and ability high above mediocrity. After such announcement, it would neither be fair nor reasonable to expect from an assemblage of detached papers, detached sketches, and detached views, occasionally and sometimes very hastily prepared, a regular formal history of the Eastern archipelago—a full methodized discussion on the multifarious objects therewith necessarily connected,—especially when it is considered that this volume is in a great measure the work of memory, the wreck of materials that had been collected with great labour and industry.

An attentive perusal of all that is advanced on the administration of Java, Bencoolen, Singapore, &c. will abundantly satisfy the unprejudiced reader, that though some have ventured to question the accuracy of the views of the subject of this memoir, and the solidity and comprehensiveness of his judgment, the probity of his motives and intentions may set even malevolence at defiance. But when we consider this zealous and indefatigable public servant, labouring under great disadvantages, with a constitution nearly broken down by twenty years of anxiety, domestic affliction, fatigue, and almost superhuman application, exposed to the baneful influence of a tropical climate, we shall be astonished, not that he achieved so little, but that he endured so much. However, in spite of adverse fortune, and disappointed hopes, his mind seems to have been ever on the stretch to grasp at those *ignes fatui*, those incessant illusions which every new scene conjured up before him! Hence, no doubt, those disappointments which may have been felt by his superiors, in the occasional failures of expectations at first too sanguinely and inconsiderately held out by him;—hence the shade which these partial failures may have cast on the authority and accuracy of his plans and speculations.

It could hardly have been expected that the multiplied public measures of this distinguished individual, should have met with general approbation. However pure his motives, his acts have sometimes been reprobated, but ultimately no stigma has ever attached either to his private or his public life. The soundness of his political views has been questioned,—his commercial speculations have been censured,—his financial schemes repudiated,—his proselytism has appeared to many visionary;—but neither his morality, philanthropy, nor integrity have ever been disputed.

As for the charges preferred against him by Major-General Gillespie, if the documents adduced may be relied on, and they certainly appear to us to speak for themselves, those charges must have been utterly groundless. That they were vexatious, we will not say, for the high sense of honour which uniformly distinguished that most excellent officer, from the period when he commanded the 20th Light Dragoons in the West Indies, to the moment of his death, when gallantly leading his brave troops to victory in India, would infallibly repel such an imputation. The letter from Lord Minto on this subject is, however, of itself conclusive evidence in favour of Sir Stamford Raffles; and the removal of the General to the Bengal Staff corroborates this view of the case. The cause, therefore, the honour, and the reputation of the Lieut.-Governor passed this ordeal without a slur. Errors of judgment may have occurred in the complicated and arduous administration in which he was the chief actor, yet the result places his moral character beyond every doubt. On that ground he may indeed boldly challenge his accusers to produce any one act of his government in which corrupt motives, or views of sinister advantage, can be fixed upon him. We will terminate this subject with the concluding paragraph, extracted from the letter of the Court of Directors.

"And whatever judgment may be ultimately passed on the various measures of the late government of Java, which underwent review in the course of the investigation into the conduct of its head, we are satisfied not merely that they stand exempt from any sordid or selfish taint, but that they sprung from motives perfectly correct and laudable." p. 205.

We have now done with this interesting part of the work.

To that portion of the British community who, connected or not connected with the Bible Society, are conscientiously devoted to the propagation of the Christian doctrine by human exertions, and cordially impressed with the conviction that the task of carrying the light of the gospel to the remotest and darkest quarter of the globe, is as a talent specially intrusted to their charge, Sir Stamford's letters to Mr. Wilberforce and to Sir R. H. Inglis, will not fail to be highly interesting. In reference to those letters, whilst

we are sincerely disposed to give the writer full credit for the pure and most benevolent feelings, and to commend that spirit of philanthropy of which he seems unassumingly possessed, yet impartiality requires that we should candidly animadvert on that peculiar tone of high-flown enthusiasm which never forsakes him, and which is seldom the concomitant of a powerful understanding, or of a mind sobered by calm reflection. His remarks upon the Malay character are original, and as they tend to rescue that nation from the reproach of sanguinary vindictiveness which has so long attached to them, we trust they may be found not totally hypothetical.

"These islands, my lord, are doubtless the real Taprobana of the ancients—the sacred isles of the Hindus!

"Who that has mixed with the east insular tribes—who that has become in the least acquainted with their ways of thinking, that will not bear ample testimony, that their character is as yet unknown to Europe? Even their piracies and deadly creeses, which have proved such fertile sources of abuse and calumny, have nothing in them to affright; nay, there is something even to admire in them—their piracies are but a proof of their spirit and their enterprise, and the regulation of good government is alone wanting to direct this spirit and this enterprise, in a course more consonant with our notions of civilization. And now may I ask, what was the state of Scotland 200 years ago? In the last prints from Europe, I observed the particulars of the trial of some unfortunate people of these islands, who were subequently executed for attempting to cut off the ship Governor Raffles on her voyage to England. No doubt a general horror was excited by the atrocity of their conduct; but in the expectation of her going only a short voyage, and within their own latitudes, some allowance may be made for their feelings when they found themselves deceived, and hurried into a cold, tempestuous and bitter climate, of which, judging from their own seas, they could have formed no previous conception. Suffering under the acuteness of bodily pain, and mental anguish, thinking on their families and their homes which they were daily leaving further behind, perhaps never to visit again, and seeing no end to the increase of their miseries—may not some allowance be made for them? I am far from wishing to insinuate discredit or censure on the parties connected with this particular instance. I doubt not that everything was done that could be done by the owners and captain; but I know that, generally speaking, such is the way that sailors in this country are procured for long voyages. If even they were apprised of the length of their voyage and promised payment accordingly, will not their case in some degree resemble that of the first adventurers to the new world? The creeses is to the Malay what the practice of duelling is to European nations. There are certain points in the composition of every man's notions, which cannot be regulated by courts of law; but yet there are some points, and these are the very points on which all society hinges, which are not protected. In support of these, he contemns the law which stigmatizes him as a murderer, and the very men who made the law still say he is right. Neither the property, the life, nor the character of the Malay is secured by law; he proudly defends them by his own hand whenever they are endangered. The readiness with which an injury is thus redressed, has a wonderful effect in the prevention of injuries; and except in warlike enterprise, the Malay is seldom known to draw his criss, unless perhaps in defence of what he considers his honour. The certainty of resentment has produced that urbanity and consideration for the feelings of each other, that they are habitually will bred, and if they are to be called savages, certainly they are the most polite of all savages; but in truth they are very far from being savages." p. 255-6.

Having already remarked at some length on the public life of Sir Stamford; we must defer till next week entering more at large into the various points of interest the volume presents.

THE NEW ZEALANDERS.

The Library of Entertaining Knowledge. Vol. V. Part 1. London, 1830. Knight.

We purpose reserving any observation in detail which we may have to make on the general contents of this half volume, until the appearance of the second part, which will be looked for with eagerness by all who read that now sent forth. We are desirous of devoting all the space which we can afford in our present number, to drawing the attention of our readers to the extraordinary adventures of an English sailor, who, having escaped with life in the massacre of his messmates by a party of New Zealanders, was adopted by these people, was tattooed, and afterwards became a chief among them, and married two sisters, the daughters of the chief by whom his life had been spared. After residing several years in the island, he contrived at length to escape, and effected his return to his native land. We have ourselves enjoyed the opportunity of conversing with this interesting individual, having been present at the sketching of the portrait, of which the society has embellished their volume with a copy engraved on wood. We were then somewhat provoked at finding our Chief less communicative than we could have desired, and backward in answering questions. This shyness, however, we afterwards learned, proceeded from a nice sense of honour. He considered it incumbent on him, it seems, having already received a consideration in money for the manuscript of his life, to keep up a certain reserve with strangers on the subject of his adventures, until after the publication of his history by the parties who had purchased the copyright. These parties we now find to be the Society from which the publication before us proceeds, and the memoir we have alluded to is partly incorporated in this, the last published number of their Library of Entertaining Knowledge. With regard to the other contents of the same number, we shall confine ourselves to saying, that they scarcely yield in interest to the narrative itself of Rutherford. We have perused them with infinite satisfaction, and feel no hesitation in declaring, that of all the publications which have been issued under the auspices of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, or which form constituent parts of the numerous libraries or collections now publishing in every quarter, we have not met with one so abounding in matter of lively and general interest, or so well calculated for popularity as this account of the New Zealanders. We are pained only that the facts it relates should, in many respects, be so little creditable to our own countrymen, or to civilization in general. But to our narrative.

It was in the year 1816 that John Rutherford, a native of Manchester, who for several years previously had led a sailor's life, both on board King's ships and merchantmen, and had assisted, during the war, at the storming of St. Sebastian, was received at Owhyhee, in which island he had been left sick, on board the American brig Agnes, of six guns and fourteen men, commanded by Captain Coffin, engaged in trading for pearls and tortoise-shells among the islands of the Pacific. Captain Coffin was desirous of putting into the Bay of Islands for refreshments, and with that view approached the east coast of New Zealand. This purpose he was prevented accomplishing by a gale of wind, which drove his ship into a large bay, with the navigation of which he was unacquainted. This bay, the author of the account of the New Zealanders now before us concludes, from the description given of it by Rutherford, to be the bay into which Captain Cook first put, on his arrival on the coasts of New Zealand, and to which he gave the name of Poverty Bay. It was here that the disaster which renders the subsequent life of Rutherford so interesting, occurred. His narrative now published gives the following account of this transaction, and of the horrible fate of his comrades.

"Reluctant as the captain was to enter this bay, from his ignorance of the coast, and the doubts he consequently felt as to the disposition of the inhabitants, they at last determined to stand in for it, as they had great need of water, and did not know when the wind might permit them to get to the Bay of Islands. They came to anchor, accordingly, off the termination of a reef of rocks, immediately under some elevated land, which formed one of the sides of the bay. As soon as they had dropped anchor, a great many canoes came off to the ship from every part of the bay, each containing about thirty women, by whom it was paddled. Very few men made their appearance that day; but many of the women remained on board all night, employing themselves chiefly in stealing whatever they could lay their hands on: their conduct greatly alarmed the captain, and a strict watch was kept during the night. The next morning one of the chiefs came on board, whose name they were told was Aimy, in a large war-canoe, about sixty feet long, and carrying above a hundred of the natives, all provided with quantities of mats and fishing-lines, made of the strong white flax of the country, with which they professed to be anxious to trade with the crew. After this chief had been for some time on board, it was agreed that he should return to the land, with some others of his tribe, in the ship's boat, to procure a supply of water. This arrangement the captain was very anxious to make, as he was averse to allow any of the crew to go on shore, wishing to keep them all on board for the protection of the ship. In due time the boat returned, laden with water, which was immediately hoisted on board; and the chief and his men were despatched a second time on the same errand. Meanwhile, the rest of the natives continued to bring pigs to the ship in considerable numbers; and by the close of the day about two hundred had been purchased, together with a quantity of fern-root to feed them on. Up to this time, no hostile disposition had been manifested by the savages; and their intercourse with the ship had been carried on with every appearance of friendship and cordiality, if we except the propensity they had shown to pilfer a few of the tempting rarities exhibited to them by their civilized visitors. * * *

"During the night, however, the thieving was renewed, and carried to a more alarming extent, inasmuch as it was found in the morning that some of the natives had not only stolen the lead off the ship's stern, but had also cut away many of the ropes, and carried them off in their canoes. It was not till day-break, too, that the chief returned with his second cargo of water; and it was then observed that the ship's boat he had taken with him leaked a great deal; on which the carpenter examined her, and found that a great many of the nails had been drawn out of her planks. About the same time, Rutherford detected one of the natives in the act of stealing the dipson lead,—'which when I took from him,' says he, 'he grinded his teeth, and shook his tomahawk at me.' 'The captain,' he continues, 'now paid the chief for fetching the water, giving him two muskets, and a quantity of powder and shot—arms and ammunition being the only articles these people will trade for.

There were at this time about three hundred of the natives on the deck, with Aimy, the chief, in the midst of them; every man armed with a green stone, slung with a string around his waist. This weapon they call a "mery"; the stone being about a foot long, flat, and of an oblong shape, having both edges sharp, and a handle at the end: they use it for the purpose of killing their enemies, by striking them on the head. Smoke was now observed rising from several of the hills; and the natives appearing to be mustering on the beach from every part of the bay, the captain grew much afraid, and desired us to loosen the sails, and make haste down to get our dinners, as he intended to put to sea immediately. As soon as we had dined, we went aloft, and I proceeded to loosen the jib. At this time, none of the crew were on deck except the captain and the cook, the chief mate being employed in loading some pistols at the cabin table. The natives seized this opportunity of commencing an attack upon the ship. First, the chief threw off the mat which he wore as a cloak, and, brandishing a tomahawk in his hand, began a war-song, when all the rest immediately threw off their mats likewise, and, being entirely naked, began to dance with such violence, that I thought they would have stove in the ship's deck. The captain, in the meantime, was leaning against the companion, when one of the natives went unperceived behind him, and struck him three or four blows on the head with a tomahawk, which instantly killed him. The cook, on seeing him attacked, ran to his assistance, but was immediately murdered in the same manner. I now sat down on the jib-boom, with tears in my eyes, and trembling with terror. Here I next saw the chief mate come running up the companion ladder, but before he reached the deck he was struck on the back of the neck in the same manner as the captain and the cook had been. He fell with the blow, but did not die immediately. A number of the natives now rushed in at the cabin door, while others jumped down through the skylight, and others were employed in cutting the lanyards of the rigging of the stays. At the same time, four of our crew jumped overboard off the foreyard, but were picked up by some canoes that were coming from the shore, and immediately bound hand and foot. The natives now mounted the rigging, and drove the rest of the crew down, all of whom were made prisoners. One of the chiefs beckoned to me to come to him, which I immediately did, and surrendered myself. We were then put altogether into a large canoe, our hands being tied; and the New Zealanders searching us, took from us our knives, pipes, tobacco-boxes, and various other articles. The two dead bodies, and the wounded mate, were thrown into the canoe along with us. The mate groaned terribly, and seemed in great agony, the tomahawk having cut two inches deep into the back of his neck; and all the while one of the natives, who sat in the canoe with us, kept licking the blood from the wound with his tongue. Meantime, a number of women who had been left in the ship had jumped overboard, and were swimming to the shore, after having cut her cable, so that she drifted, and ran aground on the bar near the mouth of the river. The natives had not sense to shake the reefs out of the sails, but had chopped them off along the yards with their tomahawks, leaving the reefed part behind. The pigs, which we had bought from them, were many of them killed on board, and carried ashore dead in the canoes, and others were thrown overboard alive, and attempted to swim to the land; but many of them were killed in the water by the natives, who got astride on their backs, and then struck them on the head with their merys. Many of the canoes came to the land loaded with plunder from the ship; and numbers of the natives quarrelled about the division of the spoil, and fought and slew each other. I observed too, that they broke up our water-casks for the sake of the iron hoops. While all this was going on, we were detained in the canoe; but at last, when the sun was set, they conveyed us on shore to one of the villages, where they tied us by the hands to several small trees. The mate had expired before we got on shore, so that there now remained only twelve of us alive. The three dead bodies were then brought forward, and hung up by the heels to the branch of a tree, in order that the dogs might not get at them. A number of large fires were also kindled on the beach, for the purpose of giving light to the canoes, which were employed all night in going backward and forward between the shore and the ship, although it rained the greater part of the time.

"'Gentle reader,' continues Rutherford, 'we will now consider the sad situation we were in; our ship lost, three of our companions already killed, and the rest of us tied each to a tree, starving with hunger, wet, and cold, and knowing that we were in the hands of cannibals. The next morning, I observed that the surf had driven the ship over the bar, and she was now in the mouth of the river, and aground near the end of the village. Every thing being now out of her, about ten o'clock in the morning they set fire to her; after which they all mustered together on an unoccupied piece of ground near the village, where they remained standing for some time; but at last they all sat down except five, who were chiefs, for whom a large ring was left vacant in the middle. The five chiefs, of whom Aimy was one, then approached the place where we were, and after they had stood consulting together for some time, Aimy released me and another, and, taking us into the middle of the ring, made signs for us to sit down, which we did. In a few minutes, the other four chiefs came also into the ring, bringing along with them four more of our men, who were made to sit down beside us. The chiefs now walked backward and forward in the ring with their merys in their hands, and continued talking together for some time, but we understood nothing of what they said. The rest of the natives were all the while very silent, and seemed to listen to them with great attention. At length, one of the chiefs spoke to one of the natives who was seated on the ground, and the latter immediately arose, and, taking his tomahawk in his hand, went and killed the other six men who were tied to the trees. They groaned several times as they were struggling in the agonies of death, and at every groan the natives burst out into great fits of laughter. We could not refrain from weeping for the sad fate of our comrades, not knowing, at the same time, whose turn it might be next. Many of the natives, on seeing our tears, laughed aloud, and brandished their merys at us.

"'Some of them now proceeded to dig eight large round holes, each about a foot deep, into which they afterwards put a great quantity of dry wood, and covered it over with a number of stones. They then set fire to the wood, which continued burning till the stones became red hot. In the mean time, some of them were employed in stripping the bodies of my deceased shipmates, which they afterwards cut up, for the purpose of cooking them, having first washed them in the river, and then brought them and laid them down on several green boughs which had been broken off the trees and spread on the ground, near the fires, for that purpose. The stones being now red hot, the largest pieces of the burning wood were pulled from under them and thrown away, and some green bushes, having been first dipped in water, were laid round their edges, while they were at the same time covered over with a few green leaves. The mangled bodies were then laid upon the top of the leaves, with a quantity of leaves also strewed over them; and after this a straw mat was spread over the top of each hole. Lastly, about three pints of water were poured upon each mat, which running through to the stones, caused a great steam, and then the whole was instantly covered over with earth.

"'They afterwards gave us some roasted fish to eat, and three women were employed in roasting fern-root for us. When they had roasted it, they laid it on a stone, and beat it with a piece of wood, until it became soft like dough. When cold again, however, it becomes hard, and snaps like gingerbread. We ate but sparingly of what they gave us. After this they took us to a house, and gave each of us a mat and some dried grass to sleep upon. Here we spent the night, two of the chiefs sleeping along with us.

"'We got up next morning as soon as it was daylight, as did also the two chiefs, and went and sat down outside the house. Here we found a number of women busy in making baskets of green flax, into some of which, when they were finished, the bodies of our messmates, that had been cooking all night, were put, while others were filled with potatoes, that had been preparing by a similar process. I observed some of the children tearing the flesh from the bones of our comrades before they were taken from the fires. A short time after this the chiefs assembled, and having seated themselves on the ground, the baskets were placed before them, and they proceeded to divide the flesh among the multitude, at the rate of a basket among so many. They also sent us a basket of potatoes and some of the flesh, which resembled pork; but instead of partaking of it, we shuddered at the very idea of such an unnatural and horrid custom, and made a present of it to one of the natives.'" p. 90—7.

After spending a second night in the same manner as they had done the first, Rutherford and his surviving comrades were taken away in the company of five chiefs, on a journey into the interior, and after performing a painful walk of ten miles, arrived at a village the residence of one of the five chiefs. Here two pigs and a quantity of potatoes having been dressed, the whole party feasted; the white men being allowed to sit down by the side of the chiefs; the slaves receiving their portion apart. It was on the same day that the friendly intentions of the savages towards Rutherford and his companions were manifested, by their performing on them the operation of tattooing. We shall give the account of this painful process in the words of the sufferer himself:—

Tattooing an Englishman.

"Dinner being finished, Rutherford and his companions spent the evening seated around a large fire, while several of the women, whose countenances he describes as pleasing, amused themselves by playing with the fingers of the strangers, sometimes opening their shirts at the breasts, and at other times feeling the calves of their legs, 'which made us think,' says Rutherford, 'that they were examining us to see if we were fat enough for eating.' 'The large fire,' he continues, 'that had been made to warm the house, being now put out, we retired to rest in the usual manner; but although the fire had been extinguished, the house was still filled with smoke, the door being shut, and there being neither chimney nor window to let it out. In the morning, when we arose, the chief gave us back our knives and tobacco-boxes, which they had taken from us while in the canoe, on our first being made prisoners; and we then breakfasted on some potatoes and cockles, which had been cooked while we were at the sea-coast, and brought thence in baskets. Aimy's wife and

two daughters now arrived, which occasioned another grand crying ceremony; and when it was over, the three ladies came to look at me and my companions. In a short time, they took a fancy to some small gilt buttons which I had on my waistcoat; and Aimy making a sign for me to cut them off, I immediately did so, and presented them for their acceptance. They received them very gladly, and, shaking hands with me, exclaimed, "the white man is very good." The whole of the natives having then seated themselves on the ground in a ring, we were brought into the middle, and, being stripped of our clothes, and laid on our backs, we were each of us held down by five or six men, while two others commenced the operation of tattooing us. Having taken a piece of charcoal, and rubbed it upon a stone with a little water until they had produced a thickish liquid, they then dipped into it an instrument made of bone, having a sharp edge like a chisel, and shaped in the fashion of a garden-hoe, and immediately applied it to the skin, striking it twice or thrice with a small piece of wood. This made it cut into the flesh as a knife would have done, and caused a great deal of blood to flow, which they kept wiping off with the side of the hand, in order to see if the impression was sufficiently clear. When it was not, they applied the bone a second time to the same place. They employed, however, various instruments in the course of the operation; one which they somtimes used being made of a shark's tooth, and another having teeth like a saw. They had them also of different sizes, to suit the different parts of the work. While I was undergoing this operation, although the pain was most acute, I never either moved or uttered a sound; but my comrades moaned dreadfully. Although the operators were very quick and dexterous, I was four hours under their hands; and during the operation Aimy's eldest daughter several times wiped the blood from my face with some dressed flax. After it was over she led me to the river, that I might wash myself (for it had made me completely blind), and then conducted me to a great fire. They now returned us all our clothes, with the exception of our shirts, which the women kept for themselves, wearing them, as we observed, with the fronts behind. We were now not only tattooed, but what they called *tabooed*, the meaning of which is, made sacred, or forbidden to touch any provisions of any kind with our hands. This state of things lasted for three days, during which time we were fed by the daughters of the chiefs, with the same victuals, and out of the same baskets, as the chiefs themselves, and the persons who had tattooed us. In three days, the swelling which had been produced by the operation had greatly subsided, and I began to recover my sight; but it was six weeks before I was completely well. I had no medical assistance of any kind during my illness; but Aimy's two daughters were very attentive to me, and would frequently sit beside me, and talk to me in their language, of which as yet, however, I did not understand much.'" p. 134—137.

At this village Rutherford and his companions, except one John Watson, who soon after their arrival there had been carried away by a chief named Nainy, sojourned six months. At the expiration of that term, they were carried further into the interior, and at length arrived at the village of Aimy, the chief who had led the attack on the Agnes. By this time, however, there were only two white men remaining together, the others having been left in different villages through which the expedition had passed.

It was in the village of Aimy, we are told, that Rutherford continued to reside during the remainder of the time he spent in New Zealand, employing himself chiefly in fishing and shooting, for the chief had a capital double-barrelled fowling-piece, and plenty of powder and duck-shot which he had taken from the Agnes, and which he intrusted to Rutherford whenever he had a mind to go shooting. At the end of a year, however, Rutherford was deprived of his only remaining companion, who was put to a violent death for a supposed offence. He was not eaten, but decently buried by the direction of the survivor. For sixteen months, Rutherford remained at the village of Aimy, but after that period began to move about with the chiefs. His life, it seems, was varied with few incidents worth recording. One of the greatest inconveniences, we are told, which he felt, was the wearing out of his clothes, which at the end of three years he was obliged to abandon entirely, and take to a white flax mat, which, being thrown over his shoulders, came as low as his knees.

The ceremony of the installation of Rutherford as a chief, and the account of his marriage, is related as follows, and with this we shall close our extracts from this interesting narrative. The forthcoming half volume will, we presume, furnish us with the sequel of Rutherford's adventures.

"'At last, it happened one day,' the narrative proceeds, 'while we were all assembled at a feast in our village, that Aimy called me to him, in the presence of several more chiefs, and, having told them of my activity in shooting and fishing, concluded by saying that he wished to make me a chief, if I would give my consent. This I readily did: upon which my hair was immediately cut with an oyster shell in the front, in the same manner as the chiefs have theirs cut; and several of the chiefs made me a present of some mats, and promised to send me some pigs the next day. I now put on a mat covered over with red ochre and oil, such as was worn by the other chiefs; and my head and face were also anointed with the same composition by a chief's daughter, who was entirely a stranger to me. I received, at the same time, a handsome stone mery, which I afterwards always carried with me. Aimy now advised me to take two or three wives,—it being the custom for the chiefs to have as many as they think proper; and I consented to take two. About sixty women were then brought up before me, none of whom, however, pleased me, and I refused to have any of them; on which Aimy told me that I was tabooed for three days, at the expiration of which time he would take me with him to his brother's camp, where I should find plenty of women that would please me. Accordingly we went to his brother's at the time appointed, when several women were brought up before us; but, having cast my eyes upon Aimy's two daughters, who had followed us, and were sitting on the grass, I went up to the eldest, and said that I would choose her. On this she immediately screamed and ran away; but two of the natives, having thrown off their mats, pursued her, and soon brought her back, when, by the direction of Aimy, I went and took hold of her hand. The two natives then let her go, and she walked quietly with me to her father, but hung down her head, and continued laughing. Aimy now called his other daughter to him, who also came laughing; and he then advised me to take them both. I then turned to them, and asked them if they were willing to go with me, when they both answered, *I pea*, or *I pair*, which signifies, Yes, I believe so. On this, Aimy told them they were tabooed to me, and directed us all three to go home together, which we did, followed by several of the natives. We had not been many minutes at our own village, when Aimy, and his brother also, arrived; and in the evening, a great feast was given to the people by Aimy. During the greater part of the night, the women kept dancing a dance which is called *Kane-Kane*, and is seldom performed, except when large parties are met together. While dancing it, they stood all in a row, several of them holding muskets over their heads; and their movements were accompanied by the singing of several of the men; for they have no kind of music in this country.

"'My eldest wife's name was Eshou, and that of my youngest Epecka. They were both handsome, mild, and good-tempered. I was now always obliged to eat with them in the open air, as they would not eat under the roof of my house, that being contrary to the customs of their country. When away for any length of time, I used to take Epecka along with me, and leave Eshou at home. The chiefs' wives in New Zealand are never jealous of each other, but live together in great harmony; the only distinction among them being, that the oldest is always considered the head wife. No other ceremony takes place on occasion of a marriage, except what I have mentioned. Any child born of a slave woman, though the father should be a chief, is considered a slave, like its mother. A woman found guilty of adultery is immediately put to death. Many of the chiefs take wives from among their slaves; but any one else that marries a slave woman may be robbed with impunity; whereas he who marries a woman belonging to a chief's family is secure from being plundered, as the natives dare not steal from any person of that rank. With regard to stealing from others, the custom is, that if any person has stolen any thing, and kept it concealed for three days, it then becomes his own property, and the only way for the injured party to obtain satisfaction is to rob the thief in return. If the theft, however, be detected within three days, the thief has to return the article stolen; but, even in that case, he goes unpunished. The chiefs, also, although secure from the depredations of their inferiors, plunder one another, and this often occasions a war among them.'" p. 195—8.

TRAVELS IN ASIA MINOR.

Voyages en Orient, entrepris par ordre du Gouvernement Français, de l'Année 1821 *à l'Année* 1829. Ornés de figures et d'une carte. Par V. Fontanier, ancien élève de l'Ecole Normale, &c. Paris. Vol. I.

[Second Notice.]

In our former article, we accompanied M. Fontanier as far as Erzeroum, and described the manner in which armourers, who take it into their heads to make leaden swords, are brought to their senses in that city. We shall now, all at once, become pastoral, and transport ourselves for a moment to the romantic mountains of Asia Minor, just to look at those innocent shepherds who roam and ruralize in that part of the Sultan's dominions. It should be remarked, that, in Turkey, travellers generally experience considerable difficulty in emancipating themselves from society, and strolling out alone into the fields. Every stranger is a magician in the eyes of a Turk; and if he desires to visit wild and romantic scenes, it can surely be only in the hope of discovering hidden treasures, which, by good right, no one but a Musulman should discover. In the present instance, nothing could be clearer than that the traveller was a magician, for he openly broke off small pieces of rock, and put them into his pocket, or into a bag which he carried about with him for the purpose, as a memento of the compacts he entered into with the genii of the place.

One day our magician, desirous of sacrificing to that idol, called science—a demon abhorred and detested by the Asiatics, set out from Erzeroum, accompanied by the Pasha's physician, and three other individuals, on an excursion into the mountains of the neighbourhood. Scarcely, however, had they set foot in the

country, when a solitary shepherd came up to the party, and commanded them to return to the city. The physician of His Highness the Pasha, who thought himself entitled to be regarded as somebody, not at all understanding this joke, and probably looking as if his dignity were offended, his servant immediately interpreted his feelings to the shepherd by beating him most severely. The guardian of rams and ewes now began to fear that he had (to borrow the elegant simile of Hudibras,) "taken the wrong pig by the ear," especially as his pretending to put his hand upon his pistol produced no useful effect; and was fain to explain himself, and make an apology for his conduct, by saying that he had mistaken them for Russian prisoners endeavouring to make their escape. How a good sound beating should have convinced him of the contrary, he never thought it worth his while to account for, and the travellers never once inquired.

The result of this ride among the Turkish shepherds is, a very learned account of the manner in which stones lie upon one another in the Pashalik of Erzeroum, in which the words schistous, calcareous, basaltic, and others of that coinage, very frequently occur, to puzzle and amaze the ordinary reader. Over this chapter, however, we slide very quietly, until we come to the traveller's departure for Sivas, on which occasion he again takes up the subject of manners, which alone has any very powerful or permanent interest for the general reader. Leaving, therefore, the calcareous and schistous mountains as far behind us as possible, we arrive at length on the plain of Sunneer, near a village of the same name, and have the good fortune to fall in with an encampment of those honest highwaymen, called Koords, with whom the Ten Thousand had some little amicable affairs in their retreat. M. Fontanier, desirous of seeing as much as possible of the manners of these wild people, pitched his tent on the same plain, and after refreshing himself with a good night's rest, prepared in the morning to pay them a visit. While he was thinking about the matter, however, one of them suddenly entered his tent, and began to examine very particularly every article which it contained. The behaviour of our traveller, upon this occasion, convinces us that he was not altogether calculated to derive every possible advantage from journeying among uncivilized men. Instead of welcoming the visitor, or intruder, or whatever he might please to call him, he requested the man to be gone. "But wherefore?" said the Koord; "the heat is excessive on the plain—the tent affords me a shelter from it—I will remain with thee awhile." There was nothing insolent in this—but our élève of the Normal school was put out of temper; and the leader of the caravan observing this, relieved him from the presence of his guest, by inviting the Koord to take coffee with him.

Some hours after, the Frank visited the Koordish camp, and, as ill luck would have it, the first tent he entered was that of his unwelcome visitor. "Ah, thou art come!" exclaimed the Koord—"thou who, but a little while ago, didst drive me out of thy tent. Well, I suppose thou expectest I should now do the same to thee! No; it would be disgraceful to me. Seat thyself, and I will give thee coffee and a pipe, that thou mayst see how superior the Koord is to a dog of a Christian, or to the citizen with honeyed tongue." The Frank was, he says, astonished, (we should hope he was also a little ashamed), and endeavoured to explain away the rudeness of his conduct, by remarking that his dress frequently exposed him to impertinent curiosity. "In that case," replied the Koord, "why didst thou not remain at home? Why come so far to stroll through a Koordish camp, in which a Frank was never seen before? What art thou come to seek? It is from mere curiosity that thou art here: why, therefore, canst thou not tolerate in others, the fault of which thou thyself art guilty?" Our traveller perceived the cogency of the reasoning, and was silent.

If M. Fontanier was not hospitable, however, he was observing and shrewd, and his remarks on the manners and customs of those nomadic people, are judicious and characteristic. He witnessed, he tells us, a curious scene on his return to his own camp. During the preceding night, a number of horsemen had been observed hovering about the tents, and had been driven away solely by the menaces of Ali-Aga, the chief of the caravan, who threatened to bind them neck and heels, and to carry them to Cara-Hissar. The following day, six of them came to the camp, and sat themselves down in the great tent. There, with singular ingenuousness, they remarked that they had come during the night to see if they could steal anything; adding, that they were inhabitants of the neighbouring villages, employed in watching the roads. "Nevertheless," said Ali-Aga, "if I had taken you, I should have carried you off.—"Oh! that would not have been easy; we were on horseback, and should have rode off."—"Well, if I had seen you again, I should have fired upon you."—"Neither would that have been an easy matter; we have now dogged you for three days, and you have only once discovered us."—"And will you come again to-night?"—"We don't think we shall."—"Well, I, Ali-Aga, the chief of the caravan, tell you, that at present I entertain no ill-will towards you, because people do not rob in the day; but I will keep a good look out, and, if you come, I will, with God's blessing, make you eat a little gunpowder!"—"Oh! you need not be at the pains, we shall not come, especially as you will probably be at least seven leagues off, which would take us too far from home." The conversation then turned upon other topics, and after a while, the robbers and the merchants separated in friendship.

It will be evident enough from the above passage, that if the life of the Orientals be a somewhat insecure one, it is, at least, not liable to stagnation. There is adventure, change, action, to keep up the excitement which renders existence sweet, and without which, mere life, to the generality of men, must quickly become insipid. To an acute and philosophical observer of mankind, nothing can be more delightful or more profitable, than travelling for a month or two with a large caravan. This moving city contains, almost always, every variety of character, from the sober, plodding, calculating merchant, whose ideas for ever turn upon profit and loss, to the careless soofee, or man of pleasure, who flits over the field of life like a bee, gathering honey wherever it is to be found, and often losing himself in the search of it.

In the present instance various extraordinary characters, from whom a more industrious traveller would have extracted a world of amusement, were assembled together in the caravan. There was a *Pelhevan*, or wrestler, travelling from Persia to Constantinople, to measure the force of his sinews against that of the Soonees of Stambool—an improvvisatore, who told stories, sung songs, or mended earthenware, just as his services might be called for—and a coxcombical silk-merchant from Ghilan, who gave himself the airs of a man of quality, and was compelled to be humbled by Ali-Aga. Attached to the caravan, also, but invariably keeping a little in the rear of it, was another little party, whose merchandize was of a peculiar kind. These were a few honest Turks from Akalsik, who had two boys and two pretty black-eyed girls for sale. M. Fontanier does not seem to have had any objection to this sort of merchandize, and, although he does not inform us whether or not he cheapened any of the articles, he dwells upon his peculiar good fortune in acquiring the confidence of the principal trader, who frequently visited him, and even allowed him the privilege of talking with his pretty merchandize. The wenches, who seem to have been gifted with no small portion of the eloquence peculiar to their sex, had no objection to tell their story to the Frank.

They had been taken from their paternal home while yet in their infancy by their present master, who, after killing their parents, in the way of business, became a parent to them himself, and brought them up with care and tenderness, just as shepherds bring up their sheep, for sale. They appeared to be utterly careless as to the person to whom they might be disposed of, and were by no means discontented with their condition. One of them was not remarkable for personal charms; but the other afforded an excellent commentary on that opinion of Aristotle, that handsome persons are born to rule over their species, for, conscious of superior beauty, she affected the airs of a queen, and treated her owners as if they had been merely her slaves. But if the beauty of the former was greatly inferior, so also was the price demanded for her; the maximum being only thirty-two pounds, while her companion was valued at one hundred and ninety-two pounds. This difference in their prices was the only thing which annoyed the cheap lady, as it was a manifest proof that her owners did not know her value. A Persian merchant who happened to be in the caravan, and either wished to soften the rigours of travelling by the company of a pretty woman, or was desirous of showing off his wealth, one day came to the tent of M. Fontanier, and signified his intention of becoming a purchaser, merely observing that, should the lady not suit him, he might perhaps sell her again at Stambool. A day was fixed for concluding the bargain, and the traveller was permitted to be present. At the appointed hour the party repaired to the tent of the pretty Georgians; but found them outside, veiled, and sitting under a tree. After the buyer and the seller had conversed together for some time, the owner of the ladies went and lifted up the veil of the most beautiful. He then repeated all that he had already said in praise of the Goddess, but the Persian loved his money still better than his pleasure, and instead of one hundred and ninety-two pounds, offered only thirty-two. Nothing could exceed the rage of the merchant and the merchandize at this insult; and to prove the similarity of their feelings and opinions, both fell upon the Persian, and beat him without mercy. The fair one, indeed, was so incensed at the wretch who could think of valuing her so low, that she positively declared, that even should he offer double the sum demanded, she would never consent to be his. This was conclusive, and the affair was at an end.

Population of Turkey.

In speaking of the number of inhabitants of the city of Tocat, M. Fontanier makes a remark upon the general opinion respecting the population of Turkey, which seems to be judicious. This city, he observes, contains seventeen thousand houses, besides a thousand Armenian, and five hundred Catholic families. Allowing each family to consist of five individuals, the population of Tocat would amount to no more than 92,500 souls. This, however, he thinks much below the truth; and it is his opinion that the population of Turkish cities is always underrated. No person ever becomes governor of a city without purchasing his situation, and therefore the number of houses contained in the city, over which an individual is about to become governor, is carefully reckoned, that he may know how far he may be justified in going in his offers. It is, of course, his interest to make the population appear as low as possible; and it is, moreover, the interest of every father of a family to make the number of his household ap-

pear few. In the first place, therefore, the governor himself is deceived upon this point; and, secondly, he endeavours, by every means in his power, to deceive his superiors. When new houses are erected, it is years before they are taken into account, the old number being continued to be given in to the government as long as possible. By these means the population of Turkey is always under-rated. He thinks that, instead of allowing five persons for each family, we should at least allow ten, which would make the population of Tocat amount to nearly two hundred thousand, and double the population of the whole empire.

The Plague.

We hear a great deal about the apathy of the Turks, of their belief in predestination, and of the *nonchalance* with which they resign themselves in consequence to the dangers of contagion. But mankind, God help them! are never consistent in any country, and take care, whatever may be their creed, to put themselves as little as possible in the way of danger. When M. Fontanier arrived at Tocat, he found, to his great mortification, that the plague was there, and that the Armenian, to whom he had letters of recommendation, had retired from the scene of action to the country. All the respectable inhabitants had followed his example, and a melancholy silence reigned through the city. Ever and anon, however, groups of men were seen following the corpse of some friend or neighbour to his last dwelling. No sound was heard in the streets but that of the hammers of some coppersmiths, compelled to work in order to live; but they had carefully shut up the doors of their shops, and were invisible. Even the coffee-houses, at other times so crowded, were now empty—except that here and there a few Mohammedans were seen in the angles of the balustrades, smoking, and meditating upon the friends they had lost, or were about to lose. Near these were troops of hungry dogs, deprived of the food which the charity of the Turks usually afforded them, looking like skeletons, and howling fearfully. The traveller, horrified at this sight, hastened away to the village whither the Armenian had retired;—but there also death was before him. The first person he met, of whom he asked his way, replied by demanding whether he was not a physician, who could cure one of his relations, stricken by the plague. At whatever door he knocked, there was no admittance: the inhabitants ascended the terraced roofs of their houses, gazed at him and his companions with fear and trembling, and bid them pass on. At length he reached the house where he was to stop; but far from experiencing that hospitality which is usually found in the East, he was received coldly, and kept at a distance. By degrees, however, as the idea of danger died away, the manners of the Asiatic returned, and his welcome was warm. From this retreat the cemetery to which the victims of the plague were borne, was visible; and on the first day one hundred and fifty coffins were lowered into the earth; the next day they amounted to one hundred and ninety; and on the third to two hundred and fifty. This was the maximum. The deaths after this diminished progressively, so that on the sixth day they amounted to no more than forty.

From the above specimens of the kind of information to be derived from M. Fontanier's work, the reader, we think, would be disposed to regard it as a valuable addition to our literature; and we should certainly be gratified to see it translated into English, and accompanied by better cuts than are given in the French edition. The map of Asia Minor, or rather of the northern portion of it, is tolerably well executed.

Letters from Nova Scotia; comprising Sketches of a Young Country. By Captain W. Moorsom, 52d Light Infantry. Post 8vo. London, 1830. Colburn and Bentley.

Such works as that which now lies before us deserve every encouragement, not only for the sake of the reader and of the value of the information they convey,—of their tendency to remove vague prejudices, and to make inhabitants of distant parts of the globe better acquainted with and consequently better disposed towards one another; but as a stimulus to men whose situation is similar to that of our gallant author, to undertake works of the same description. It is lamentable to reflect how little the officers stationed in our foreign garrisons profit by the advantages they enjoy; how seldom they avail themselves of the opportunities which the very nature of their service affords them to acquire information which would raise their own characters, or which, imparted to others, might contribute to the improvement of their species. Generally speaking, they return from a residence of some years abroad as thoroughly and as ignorantly English, as when they received their commissions. Their habit of associating almost exclusively with their own particular set, has the fatal tendency of keeping up that feeling of contempt for all that is not of their own country, for which the English soldier and servant are more notorious than the same classes of persons of any other nation of the earth. To such an extent indeed is this habit of exclusion too often carried, that the little our regimental officers arrive at knowing about the peculiarities of a place in which they have been stationed for months or years, frequently consists of mere gleanings from the conversation of intelligent travellers, whom their hospitality (and in the exercise of this virtue, they are certainly never wanting) invites to their mess. The listlessness we thus complain of in the members of our beyond-sea garrisons, is the more surprising, as it is seldom that an officer who has looked about him, and who has taken care to store his mind with information, does not more readily meet with protection and promotion, than those (supposing equality in other respects) who have remained inert.

In praising the effort of Capt. Moorsom, however, it is not the attempt merely that we would commend. Although we should not perhaps hold up his book as very deserving of praise, as a literary production, yet it is not altogether without merit, even as regards its execution. It contains, it is true, especially in the early letters, a considerable proportion of unnecessary tattle, but it improves as it proceeds; and when the author finds a subject, (for the chief complaint which the commencement of his work suggests is, that he seems to be writing without one,) he knows how to treat it in a way that shall interest his reader. His descriptions of places and people are simple, yet animated; and, as sources of information, are even the more valuable on account of the absence of all attempt at high colouring.

We shall make two extracts from Capt. Moorsom's volume, exhibiting him in the light, the one of a military, the other of a civil, observer. After describing to a military correspondent the regulations of the Provincial Militia, he makes the following judicious remarks on the present condition of that force.

"'Prodigious!' I hear you exclaim. 'Twenty-five thousand men organized as a provincial force in that out-of-the-way quarter!' True without a doubt, in the abstract! but let us examine a little more closely that organization which looks so pretty upon paper. The *levée en masse* involves, I apprehend, the certainty of a Scylla and Charybdis, between which no military pilot can steer. To this the code of penal enactments is a subordinate consideration, to which therefore, whether judiciously regulated or otherwise, we need not pay much attention. The general formation presents a group, as our friend W. would say, rather out of keeping with the landscape,—a mere body of heavy infantry, with a disproportionately small artillery, and no cavalry, to act in a country whose forests were made (to use a soldier's idea) for riflemen, and whose coasts and necessities of a rapid communication would occasion ample service for the other arms.

"Exercise has visibly degenerated into a mere muster; the absence of intelligence in officers is not here compensated by habitual practice in the men; all alike need instruction: and the moment for its acquirement is alike curtailed to all. How then can the zeal, the energy of a few individuals be supposed to work what might well be deemed a miracle?

"The Halifax artillery companies and the flankers of the same regiments are tolerably complete in their equipments; the remaining corps are miserably deficient, whether in arms, accoutrements, or clothing. In most of the districts, the Government firelocks have been called in from the possession of those to whom they were issued during the war, and are now lying useless and almost unheeded in the stores or depôts.

"The provincial statute which issued a firelock to each militia-man, and at the same time prohibits him from using it in the woods, is much on a par with the sagacity of the schoolmistress who dismissed her children with a lump of barley-sugar to each, which he was forbidden to suck till after school-hours on the following day. What if a few thousand firelocks do wear out in ten years in place of fifteen; are they issued with the intention of being kept like china tea-cups, to look pretty over the fireplace of the cottager? Does not, on the contrary, the user of this weapon, while pursuing his own sport, assist, at a trifling expense, in the construction of the most powerful machine for defence that can be wielded by the hands of a free government? The deprivation of the arms issued has been one means of leading the people to consider the militia inspections as mere occasions of annoyance; and those who now express the most repugnance on being called out to attend the muster of a mere rabble, are equally explicit in declaring their willingness to conform to such measures as would ensure greater efficiency.

"It is generally the fashion throughout every part of the country, to laugh at the Militia; an officer's rank therein, if mentioned, is always announced with a smile, as though he were a deserter from Sir John Falstaff's corps, or a recruit on furlough from that *élite* troop, the Horse Marines. I cannot at all concede the reasonableness of this feeling, and would joyfully hail the amendment of militia laws, which is necessary as the first step towards its eradication.

"It appears to me as though a strange fatality were permitted to cloud our view, when regarding the national force of these provinces. Whence arises this supineness, this almost Indian absence of foresight? Is it from the improbability of our collison with an active, enterprising, and envious neighbour, whose view from the back-windows of his mansion is cramped, and whose premises are overlooked and confined, by our rudely-constructed out-houses? Is it that a vast line of coast peculiarly unfavourable for permanent maritime defence, and a frontier purely artificial, extending along two degrees and a half of latitude, (that of New Brunswick,) are considered secure from the insult of an adversary whose forces might be concentrated within thirty-six hours' sail? Look at our very neighbours themselves; observe that young giant of our own rearing, whose

perseverance taught our fathers to respect, and whose active progress must force us to admire him;—do the Americans consider their militia a mere bugbear? Is it with this idea that private seminaries and schools, both large and small, are establishing themselves for the education of the rising generation throughout the States upon military principles, and under the conduct of retired military officers?† Is it in the conviction of its inutility, that such care is manifested by the authorities for the encouragement of a defensive system—that the choicest arms at the disposal of the Government, are bestowed as rewards to perpetuate the memory of successful opposition, and the palm of expertness in the use of the national weapon sedulously regarded as the highest honour of him who bears it? These measures are surely the result of a conviction of the vital importance of a national organized force, and its nature is justly dictated by local peculiarities and by the all-powerful facts of former experience.

"The history of all our wars in America, from the time of Braddock to that of Proctor, shows the overpowering advantage that may be derived from an organized force composed of such materials as the militia of these provinces afford, and capable of acting in conjunction with regulars. '*Voltigeurs! en avant*,' was a signal more dreaded by the Virginia and Kentucky 'shooters,' than the sight of all the bayonets of the British line. Although the settlers of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick are not so persevering in the use of the rifle as the backwoodsmen of the States, they are, nevertheless, in the constant habit of ranging the woods with fire-arms; and, as marksmen, would put to the blush any rifle corps in Europe." p. 234—39.

The following picture of an almost patriarchal establishment, is interesting, and breathes of the kind feeling towards the inhabitants of the country, which strikingly characterizes all the letters of Captain Moorsom.

"The settlement of Clare, of which the Roman Catholic chapel is the *nucleus*, extends for about thirty miles along the shores of Saint Mary's Bay. The population is almost entirely Acadian-French, and deserves particular mention not only from its origin, but for the distinct and peculiarly interesting features it displays. The number of families comprising the pastor's immediate flock is about three hundred and thirty, giving a total of nearly two thousand five hundred souls; about thirty families also reside in the township of Digby; and at Tusket, below the town of Yarmouth, are nearly two hundred families more; the whole being included in the cure of the Abbé Segoigne. Perhaps it is to a sojourn in the out-quarters of Ireland that I owe, in common with many others, the uncharitable feeling which leads us to associate a Roman Catholic priest with imaginary phantoms of dark-scowling mortals wrapped up in bigotry and black garments, or intent on the means of retaining in slavish ignorance, and moulding into a handle of political anarchy, the quick perceptions and high-wrought passions of a warm-hearted peasantry. How pure, how redeeming an archetype in the reverse of this image is the worthy Curé of Montaigan! Born and educated in France, M. Segoigne emigrated from that country when revolutionary suspicion threatened the lives of all whose virtues were inimical to the views of the ruling democrats, and for the last thirty years has devoted his attention exclusively to the welfare of these children of Acadia. Buried in this retreat from all the thoughts and habits of the polished world, he yet retains the urbanity of the old French school; or rather, I apprehend, possesses that natural excellence of disposition which gives to urbanity its intrinsic value. He is at once the priest, the lawyer, and the judge of his people; he has seen most of them rise up to manhood around him, or accompany his own decline in the vale of years: the unvarying steadiness of his conduct has gained equally their affection and respect: to him, therefore, it is that they apply in their mutual difficulties; from him they look for judgment to decide their little matters of dispute. Eleven years ago, a case between two Acadians belonging to this settlement came on for trial before the Supreme Court. From some informality, the cause was nonsuited: it was not again brought forward; and since that time there is no instance of a law-suit from Montaigan appearing on the records of the judicial circuit. The Abbé complains much of the indifference his parishioners manifest on the subject of education: with the exception of two or three young men who are under his own instruction, the rising generation of this settlement are wholly uneducated: his exertions to establish schools among them under the system framed by the legislature, have been attended with no effect: the parents are not willing to contribute the necessary quota, and consequently no schoolmasters can be appointed. Probably this apathy may be attributable to the same source as that which renders these people so peculiar in the picture compared with those around them. A feeling of isolated existence and separate interests, in the first instance, has been softened down into sacred reverence for the habits of their fathers. Possessed of few ideas beyond those relating to their own immediate wants, they know not that active, perhaps I should say, that restless spirit of enterprise which ever urges forward to the acquirement of more; they are satisfied with their condition as it is: a competence sufficient for their simple mode of life is easily obtained; and beyond this they do not care to make any farther exertion. In practical traits of social morality, they shine pre-eminent. Their community is in some respects like that of a large family. Should one of their members be left a widow without any immediate protector or means of support, her neighbours unite their labours in tilling her land, securing the crops, and cutting her winter-fuel. Instances of a second marriage are rare among them. Children who may become orphans are always taken into the families of their relations or friends, who make no distinction between them and their own offspring.

"Intermarriages between the Acadians and British settlers very seldom take place. 'Why,' said a friend of mine, to a young *Acadienne*,—'why do you keep the English at such a distance? you never give them a chance of running off with any of you.'—'Ah,' replied Ma'mselle Teriot, in her native *patois*, 'perhaps the English don't try.'

"The difference of language, however, is rather an awkward bar to surmount in the advances of intimacy, and is quite sufficient to give colour to the young lady's implied accusation. A small *auberge* near Sissiboo is kept by an Englishman, who has been bolder than the rest of his countrymen, and has carried off a prize from the flock of Montaigan. I passed the night at his house, and was amused,—not like Miss Letitia Ramsbottom, that little boys should speak French, but to observe half a dozen children chattering to their mother in that language, and then running to their father with a little tale in English: they invariably maintained this distinction, never speaking to their parents, except in the native language of each, although the mother, in this instance, was almost equally conversant with either. The French of *la vieille France* is perfectly understood by them; and one whose ear has been accustomed to the *patois* of that country, would have no difficulty in understanding theirs. It is however far more corrupted than that of the Canadians, and has become still farther changed by many grammatical misapplications." p. 256—61.

† On my arrival at a hotel in the neighbourhood of Niagara, in the Summer of 1827, I was surprised to find the house occupied by a corps of fine boys, apparently from fourteen to eighteen years of age, clothed in a plain uniform, and in number about 150. Their firelocks were piled in the bed-room passages, and sentries regularly planted over them. I was informed that they were the pupils belonging to a private academy on the Connecticut River, and that, although not intended particularly for the military profession, their school was conducted on military principles, and they marched for a certain period every summer. They were, at this time, 300 miles from their academy. I believe there are several private institutions springing up on this model, in different States of the Union. The National College for the instruction of young men destined for commissions in the regular army, is at West-point, on the River Hudson.

Mount Sinai. A Poem. By William Phillips, of the Middle Temple.

[Second Notice.]

We beg to assure our readers, and with a solemnity we trust proportioned to the occasion, that it is not our custom to allow authors to review their own books in our columns. There are exceptions, however, to every rule; and we have determined for once to depart from our usual practice. The author of Mount Sinai, it seems, is dissatisfied with our opinion of his book, and complains that we have not treated him with the courtesy generally shown to authors, by extracting a portion of his work. He appeals to our sense of justice and candour, to let him be heard before the tribunal of our readers, and points out the following passage, as one on which he relies for putting to shame our "vague condemnation." We indulge Mr. Phillips's desire,—not without some hesitation, however; for we feel reluctant to assist a man in making himself ridiculous. This much we will say for Mr. Phillips: we believe he has had discrimination enough to select the best passage of his book. Whether or no, it fully warrants our former observation, that "Mount Sinai" abounds with absurdities, we leave it to our readers to judge between Mr. Phillips and ourselves.

In robes of living light,
Before Jehovah so effulgent he
That mortal sense had fancied him resolved
As 'twere to featured empyrean fire.
His glowing hands the Tables of the Law
Tenacious held; and from his upward eye
Flashed pious ecstacy. Replete arose
The fragrant sweets of calamus and stacte,
Perfume balsamic and redolent spice,
Effused in ether. Twice ten thousand forms
Of angel orders their aspects, serene
In glorious dignity of place, around
Revealed resplendent. To each beaming head
In beauty sculptured, was a diamond tiar,
Adorning and adorned. Their quiv'ring harps,
And sweet recorders, wakened into sound,
Breathe pæans joyous, and the silvery strains
Concordant float through aromatic air.
The changeful iris of their glancing wings
Enamelled space, and gave the features rude
Of Sinai's solitude for once to smile
Imputed radiance. The Increate himself,
'Mid these imparadised, apart from all,
Is present proximate, and gracing earth,
In blest perfection immaterial shows.
Such awful nature, so transcending thought,
Access of sense refuseth; but the soul,
With stronger vision gifted, could perceive
His shrouded glory. The portentous sight
O'er Moses' spirit sublimate and rapt,
Emits beatitude. Thus, all in all,
The Almighty stood impalpable on high,
Benevolence breathing upon heaven and earth,
And all created. A redoubled bright
Suffused his angels, and the human form,
Entranced resolving solid into soul,
Had nigh upsprang upon immortal wings,
And coped with cherubim. The smile reflect
Of God propitious each seraphic shape
Arrays in splendour. Unimagined joy
Most rapturous mantles on the precious air,
And all is radiant as an issuing beam
From out the cycle of solstitial morn.

p. 131.

The Portfolio of the Martyr-Student. London: Longman & Co.; Chester: Poole and Boult.

THIS is an unpretending collection of short poems, not devoid of poetic feeling and imagination; but, unfortunately, equally remarkable for feebleness of expression, and for too frequent disregard of scanning, rhythm, and euphony. We extract the following evidences of the truth of our assertions, convinced that future carefulness, on the part of the author, to avoid similar faults, will enable him, on a re-appearance before the public, to stand forward with better pretensions to the title of a poet.

'Twas a fine summer's evening;—o'er the bay
Set the red sun in all his pomp and pride:
A few long clouds eclipsed his shining way;
But rather seem'd to heighten than to hide
His splendour, for those clouds were dyed
With gold and crimson by his brilliant beams,
And tinged the heaving billows far and wide,
With their magnificent o'er-powering gleams,
Resistless in their force as Niagara's streams.

Here, an extremely beautiful and accurate description is marred in the completion of the stanza; for though the illumined clouds of a summer's evening may be *magnificent* to a degree, they *gleam* with a borrowed splendour, which they transmit in a softened beauty that is neither *resistless* nor *o'erpowering*. The comparison, also, in the last line is in bad taste.—Again,

They had been sitting in her latticed bower,
'Mid clustering boughs of starry jessamine,
Mingling with rich laburnums, like a shower
Of gold and silver:—all was hush'd within
That bower, except the sigh that knew no sin,
The whisper softer than the gentlest breeze;
Her pallid cheek and her red lips (like thin
And blushing stripes of coral,) lay in ease
Upon his breast, and calm as moonlight on the seas.

After the display of so much delicacy of conception, and happiness of expression, is it not a pity to witness the wanton murder of all poetical feeling, in such lines as the following:—

But all was vain, as he may guess
Who knows aught of female resoluteness.

Forgive my weakness, love, if I
Answer thee not so passionately.

Full oft my heart is wrapt in cloud,
Though sunbeams on my forehead rest;
And laughter's garb serves but to shroud
The *d*ark, *d*umb *d*emons of my breast.

Whose unctuous, rich, and unrebellious blood,
Flows through their fat-clothed veins like curdled mud.

To these puerilities, we merely add, as meriting an equal share of censure, the awkwardness of many of the rhymes, such as "moon" and "shun," "moon" and "June"; though possibly the good people of Chester and its vicinity may, like the East-Anglians, call the fair planet the *Mune*. "Inhabitants" will not rhyme with "expanse", nor "ruin" with "undoing".

An Explanation of the Thirteen Articles of the Jewish Religion. London, 1830. Wilson.

THIS is a useful little tract for men of all religious denominations. It contains, in fact, a very good summary of practical religion. The discourse on atheism, however, which commences the volume, is a very contemptible performance. The whole book is said to be from the pen of Rabbi Abraham Jagel, written in Hebrew, and translated into Latin by the learned Ludovicus de Compeigne de Veil. From this latter version, we have the present translation into English.

There may be some mystification in all this; but let that matter be as it may, we have no hesitation in declaring, that, if Rabbi Abraham Jagel be the author of the discourse on Atheism, he is author of as silly a discourse upon the subject as ever came under our notice; and that if he be the author of the Jew's Catechism, he is author of as orthodox a piece of theology as ever issued from the pen of a christian divine. But for the particular mention of the two mystical numbers, *three* and *seven*, we should have sworn that our catechist had been nothing more nor less than a good honest minister of the church of England. We are delighted to find that "there is so much mercy in the Jew."

EILY BAN;

OR,

THE BENSHEE OF THE RUIN.

How musical! when all-devouring Time,
Here sitting on his throne of ruins hoar,
While winds and tempests sweep his various lyre,
How sweet thy diapason, Melancholy!
Dyer's Ruins of Rome.

THESE lines I repeated as I sat on a fragment of St. John's Castle, romantically situated on the shores of Loch-Ree,—one of those many ruins that are to be found in desolated Ireland! The scene around me was one of age and sublimity: I felt its imposing effect, and was filled with the solemnity of its aspect! The winds were sweeping their sullen murmurs through the broken walls of the gigantic pile; the "voice of Time-disparting towers" fell with a sad sound upon the ear, and I could fancy, in the pauses of the hollow blast, that I saw spectral shapes of other days peeping from the dark passages and broken windows, and then suddenly disappearing like night-birds, that, having wakened too early for their dusky evening flight, shrink back aghast to their gloomy bowers, from the offensive glare of a lingering sunset! Melancholy and romance were in the hour, and I insensibly yielded to their powerful influence.

As my half-closed eyes were carelessly fixed upon a little chasm in the vaulted floor, that lay some fifty feet beneath me, I perceived, with a surprise, not unmixed with terror, that the long grass which partly concealed it began to move with more than the wind-motion. Methought a thin blue smoke issued from the widening aperture, and a confused murmur of hollow voices arose! I would have fled from the place, but my companions had, at my own request, left me to indulge my melancholy, and had taken my boat for a short sail to some islands further up the lake; besides, I had no means of quitting the almost insulated ruin, but by passing the mysterious vapour, which crossed the only path to a strip of land that connected the basement of the castle with the main shore. This I was determined not to do. I therefore quietly remained in my watch-tower with mingled feelings of curiosity and dread!

The blue mist at length disappeared—the murmur of hollow voices died away—all was silent again, save the beach-wave and the moaning of the wind through the caverns of the ruin. I began to think I had but imagined the scene, and was just about to quit my hiding-place, when suddenly the vapour issued again, and, thunder-struck with astonishment and admiration, I beheld a female figure slowly rising from the vault like a spirit from earth's tomb on its way to immortal blessedness! She was lightly clad,—lightly enough to betray a form of beauty, half woman, half child, that I had never before contemplated, even in my dreams! It was loveliness beyond my ideal conceptions, and seemed to be of that age when childhood usually gives her last portion of innocence to youth, and fearfully resigns her little charge to approaching maturity.

She ascended with the rapidity of a winged creature up a curtain-wall that shut out the northern view of the lake from the interior of the castle, when, having gazed long and wistfully (as I thought) upon the dun sail of my little bark in the hazy distance, she descended again with the same careless activity, to a mound of ivy and wild flowers that sprang up spontaneously in the ruin, like sweet, but unbidden recollections of happy days gone by in a broken heart! Here, occasionally plucking some of the sad blossoms, she seated herself, and began singing a wild air without words, that delighted my sense almost beyond endurance! It was a curious coincidence that it was *my* favourite air. It had that pensive cadence of her country's music, which generally terminates the most joyous beginnings of the lightest Irish melodies, in which sad feeling suddenly awakens to change levity into melancholy, and give those autumn touches to the inward landscape of the mind, which, externally, we delight to view in the panorama of nature's own scenic revolvings.†

My vision of beauty suddenly ceased to weave her chaplet of flowers, and changed her song for a wild soliloquy of sorrow,—the meaning of which was as incomprehensible as its tone was sweet. These were the strange sounds I caught:

"Eily! Eily Ban! when shall thy sorrow
Sleep with the sunset, but wake not with morrow?
Eily! Eily Ban! thou hast been told,
When thou art mortal, and in the earth cold!
Eily! Eily Ban! when shall Death's slumber
Reckon thy soul in the grave's happy number?
Eily! Eily Ban! hush thy vain sigh,
Bear with thy sorrow, thou never canst die!"

As she concluded the last words she hid her face in the flowers, and wept! I was almost petrified with fear and astonishment. Was she then really supernatural? The idea nearly turned my brain. I continued gazing at her with a stupid reverence, inwardly convulsed by a thousand different feelings. At last, I heaved a deep groan. She started from her reverie—cast a gaze of scrutiny around her—and then suddenly rushed up a part of a broken tower. She disappeared behind a mass of the ruin, and I thought I had scared the fairy one by the earth-sound I had uttered, when a faint wild shriek struck upon my ear. It was *her* voice—*she* was in distress—could she have fallen? I flew along the broken ramparts with the speed of light. I caught a glimpse of a silken scarf—it was torn and hanging upon a projecting stone. I looked downwards—good heavens! she lay beneath in a swoon, to all appearance dead. I was by her side in a moment. I know not how I leaped—I flew to her assistance—forgot *my* earth-nature and *her* divinity, and raised the fainting head of the purest flower of loveliness that ever met man's vision! Oh God! she *was* beautiful!

A slight wound in her left arm bled profusely. I bound it with my handkerchief. "She is mortal," thought I, with a fearful ecstacy: "a maniac, perhaps, from sorrow. I'll soothe her into tranquillity, and restore her wandering intellect. As I put back the raven tresses from her forehead, her lips parted as if to speak; her eyes languidly opened. They shot to my very soul! She gazed at me with a tenderness beyond this world's expression, and again moved her lips. Methought a drop of water from the lake in the hollow of my hand would revive her. I plucked some wild mint, and placed it in her trembling grasp, thinking its sweet perfume would be grateful; and then taking a hurried glance at her unearthly loveliness, I hastened to the lake.

I pulled a broad leaf that grew by the shore, and filling it quickly from the cooling wave, I returned, with feelings of the most extraordinary nature, to the place where I had left this unaccountable being.

But she was gone!—nowhere to be found! I searched every corner of the ruin,—even the vault whence she had issued, preceded by the mysterious vapour,—all to no purpose. I could

† To the painter's sensitive eye, an ivied ruin, or a withered tree, in the midst of a smiling scene, are objects of suddenly-aroused, tender and romantic feeling, and associate in the same manner as the sorrowful minor third and melancholy flat seventh, in the midst of a strain of gaiety, on the ear of a man mentally musical.

not penetrate it above a few inches—it was inaccessible from briars and fragments of the ruins. I called upon her in the most extravagant language, deeming her to be invisibly present! The echoes were all that answered me, and I threw myself down in grief and disappointment upon the earth.

I was aroused from my dream of conjecture by the return of my companions. They laughed at my story—all but an old fisherman, who lived in one of the neighbouring islands, and who, with a mysterious shake of the head, and a low tone of voice, said—

"It is not to be laughed at, gentlemen!—as sure as day it was Eily Ban, the *Benshee* of the Ruin! She is well known about the Broad-Loch;" and then making towards the boat, continued—"I think your honours had better get home by daylight: the wind is coming about pretty fresh to the south-east, which is as cross a point as it can blow from for our course."—The fact was really so, and the honest fellow's fears of the Benshee passed by unnoticed.

I was too full of my thoughts to mingle with my companions or their merriment, or to rebut the jokes they passed on my credulity and superstition. The idea of having seen, heard, and touched a supernatural creature, as I now was convinced she must be, left me totally unfit for man's society. My brain was on fire; my heart was wildly throbbing with its newly-awakened emotions, and I thought of nothing but another interview with Eily, to hear her unfold something of her extraordinary existence. The breeze suddenly changed again in our favour, and we reached our island-home for the night in less than an hour.

I contrived soon to retire from my companions, who were determined upon joviality, as they called it, for the remainder of the evening, and hastened in quest of old Pharaoh, the fisherman, for some information respecting Eily Ban. From him, however, I could collect nothing satisfactory, except that she had been often heard singing wild airs in St. John's Ruin from time immemorial. "Time immemorial!" said I—and returned, disconsolate and weary with vain thinking, to my chamber.

I threw myself on the bed in a state of feverish excitement. Eily was before me every moment. If I closed my weary lids, it was but to see her more vividly with my mind's eye. At last I sunk into an uneasy slumber; but my dream was still of *her*. I thought I heard a gentle knocking at the little casement of my chamber. I arose and opened it. Eily Ban, beautiful Eily, was there. I stretched forward to clasp her, but she was *nothing*. I could not feel the white arm that she held towards me. Her face was pale with moonlight, but still more with sorrow! I gently murmured "Eily!"—and methought she seemed more mortal. Tears suddenly started from her heavenly eyes, as I fondly uttered her name; and her pale cheeks recovered like amaranth their burning blush of loveliness from the kindly dew that watered them! I clasped my hands to see her weeping beauty, and at the sound I awoke.

What new sensations of surprise did I feel on finding myself at the open window, precisely in the situation of my dream! "'Tis plain," said I, "this spirit has been here—she haunts me."

I looked out upon the shore of the lake—tranquillity reigned upon the silent water; I looked upward to the sky—*there* was tranquillity also. Heaven with its blue infinity looked like an interminable ocean. The light clouds seemed fairy islands floating on its peaceful bosom, and their moonlit edges, methought, were the silvery breakers of the azure sea, that whitened into foam along their craggy shores, too far away for dull mortality to hear the music of its surge.

An idea—a wild idea, suddenly struck me. I descended cautiously from the casement; a little boat was on the shore; I took the oars in my hand. "Whither," said I,—"whither would madness lead me?" The form of Eily glanced along the waters like a flash of lightning, and methought I could distinctly see it rest upon the ruin, distant as it was across the lake.

"It is enough," said I; "I will follow it unto death;" and leaping into the boat, I pushed from the shore.

The moon shone red, and was nearly down when I reached the castle. All was solemn and still, but the eternal murmur of the waves; from whose first awakening voice, at another time, I could have pictured to myself primeval Silence turning again to her slumber, lulled into security by the peaceful monotony of their ceaseless sound. At present, I could but think of Eily Ban, the Benshee of the Ruin! I drew the boat up high on the beach, and took my way to where I had left her recovering from her swoon, with a heart throbbing almost audibly with anxiety. A cold dew hung upon my brow. Again was I stricken with doubt and dismay. With difficulty I continued my path to the fearful spot. At length I reached it, and, heaven and earth! she burst upon my wildered sense, in the light of her magical beauty, seated as when I parted from her. She saw me, but she fled not! I approached her by slow and trembling steps. The scene began to affect me: grey morning—in a lonely ruin—the presence of a supernatural being—she might be a fiend, in the garb of light and loveliness. Horror by degrees took possession of me, and I sunk at her feet in a state of insensibility.

On coming to myself, I felt a soft hand passing lightly across my damp cold brow! It thrilled me with ecstacy; and, as I opened my eyes, the stainless cheek of Eily was close to mine. My fears gradually abated.

"What are you? what are you, fearfully-beautiful being?" uttered I, with indescribable emotion. She looked long and wistfully at me, then answered:

"The Daughter of Virtue and Crime, of Spirit and Earth, of Life and Death—thou canst not understand me."

"Dost thou know thyself?"

"Yes; but there's a seal on my lips, and another on my heart. Mortal, wilt thou undo them?"

"Is it for thy peace?"

"Yes; I am unhappy."

"How can *I* serve thee?"

"By a deed of terror"—her sweet voice faultered with the last word.

"Name it," said I, boldly.

"Make me thy bride," said she, with a tenderness that dissolved my soul; and I cried out with rapture, "Willingly, in the face of heaven."

"And in the face of hell, too?"

"Yes; thou art not of the damned? I fear thee not." Her face smiled purity, and she said, "A little while ago thou didst."

"Yes; my mortal sense, unused to such as thou art, shrunk back amazed; but my terror is all past: I'll wed thee, lovely one."

"Thou must die, then."

"'Twill be sweet for thee."

"Ah!" said she, with a melancholy smile—"Earth's false love-language—thou darest not attempt it."

"For *thee?*"

"I cannot remain with thee."

"But I shall have made thee happy."

She placed her hand upon my forehead, gazed at me for some moments intensely, and then dropped her beautiful head upon my bosom, and wept. Oh God! what feelings were mine at that moment! I burned though every vein; I raised her in my arms, and, as I pressed her to my breast, she sobbed violently, and said:—"It must not be—they shall not drive me to it. I would not harm thee for my place in heaven!"

"Harm me? thou angel!"

"No!—by that same hoped-for heaven, I would not!—for ages have I dwelt upon this earth, vainly seeking for a victim that would ransom me. I could have smiled on the death of the thousands I have tempted, and that have shrunk from me, but never till now did I feel these emotions of tenderness and pity: would I were one of earth's daughters, I might then be happy, for, young mortal! I feel thou art dear to me—I take pleasure in thy language—thy kiss is sweet to my burning lips;—but Eily will bear with her doom—farewell! thou shalt not be sacrificed for her. Farewell! go—avoid me; we may yet meet in Paradise: the blessing and the peace of the High One be with thee!" and with a vain struggle she endeavoured to quit my raptured hold.

"Stay—stay! thou lovely one!" cried I, fondly detaining her. "Mystery and doubt hang upon thy words! what meanest thou?—again, what art thou?"

"I will tell thee," said she, "for thy kiss has freed my tongue of its bonds, and broken some links of my chain of silence." My heart began to throb with fearful expectation. She continued:—

"Thou canst not fully know or comprehend me; nor can I all explain; but, learn, I am doomed to wander ocean and earth until a son of mortality loves me with man's purest love for woman!"

"Then rest thee, my spirit love! for thou hast it here," cried I, wildly.

"I know it," said the Benshee, "and therefore I sorrow. Thou art an enthusiast—one fitting to my ransom. Thou hast been marked for many a day, but not by me; it was not I;—do not shudder:—I would not hurt thee: *I* have avoided thee; but thou hast been marked for my victim."

"Marked! and by whom?"

"Hear me," said she, solemnly; "I am of a sisterhood of unfortunates; the veil of the High One's glory is before our eyes—wherefore, I must not say; many, many are our states and classes: I, in mine, am foremost. A thousand years have elapsed since she who held my place was released to the happy mansions of heaven by her mortal love. He was a shepherd on the inmost Alps, fond of retirement amid the leafy dells and deep ravines, away from common paths. Often mine ears, before I was as much of earth as now, were pleased with his wild minstrelsy among the moonlit precipices, when even the torrent silenced half its roar, and I thought it was the stars made music! But he was our victim—*ours*, I say, for she loved him even as I do you; and if the happy ones in Paradise have memory, she must weep for him there with all her blessedness. I was in the grade below her, and urged her to the act that freed her, as I myself am now pressed to the same deed with thee, by one, my next sister-spirit, who waits for her advancement. This thou mayst not understand; but I had not then the feelings I have now: I was like her who urges me at present—she who has marked thee for thy enthusiasm."

"But the shepherd! what fate was his? did he wed her?"

"Yes, at midnight, in a ruined monastery upon a cliff!—it was chosen for its romantic beauty, and the dissolving influence it had upon his soul; it was a favourite haunt of his, and we used every means we could to entrance him in a delirium of delight, and make him reckless of himself. Thou seemest to say, 'here was no pity;' but judge not so of *her*—she had the feelings that I weep with now, and tried, but at last in vain, to save him. She darkened our fair moon into deep blood-red by her power; for in this our Benshee state, as you call it, though weaker in many things than even you mortals, (witness my inability to vanish, while

your hand or vision is upon me,) we can work magic beyond your science."

I clasped her more closely and fondly, and again inquired the fate of the shepherd. "Poor boy!" said Eily Ban, tenderly, "he was firm through all the terrors that she raised to fright him. He went on pronouncing his doom-words boldly, and kindling into higher rapture at every fearful vow. Methought his lip trembled as he pronounced the last;—but it was enough—it *was* uttered; and as he turned to kiss his bride, she was gone; and the Black Fiend hurled his body from the cliff, and his soul to its thousand years' slavery!"

[Sequel next week.]

CAIUS MARIUS IN HIS DUNGEON.

Was it for this I left my native plain,
To bear the hardships and the toils of war?
Long days of peril, tedious nights of pain,
Ere proud Numantia's trophies deck'd my car?
For this I braved the thickest of the fight,
From dawn's first reddening streaks to the dark shades of night?

Where are the men who hail'd, with loud acclaim,
The victor consul from the tented field,
When Rome's proud arches echoed back my name,
Friends loud applauded—foes their rage concealed?
Th' inconstant race to haughty Sylla bend,
And vengeance dire attends the exiled Marius' friend.

Where are the domes that rose to greet the sky,
Whose Parian columns mocked e'en regal state?
There menial crowds to please my rival vie,
And hostile squadrons guard my palace gate.
Around my dungeon walls the harsh winds roar,
And through the lofty grate the silvery moon-beams pour.

Not thus, when conquest marked me for her own;
When hordes barbarian quailed beneath mine eye;
When Marius rode triumphant and alone,
And joyful shouts of victory filled the sky.
Now dragged reluctant from the stagnant lake,
The headsman's sword's at hand, the torture or the stake.

But who art thou, thus through the deepening gloom,
With an assassin's aspect, stealing slow?
Say, have th' inhuman council sealed my doom?
Dar'st thou kill Caius Marius, caitiff? No:
He trembles;—hence, nor dare to lift thy glave,
Nor stain with Roman blood the dagger of a slave.

MONT BLANC.

(From the Notes of a Traveller.)

Though the elevation of this "solemn sanctuary in the profound of heaven," has distracted the minds of geographers and philosophers for the last fifty years, they have as yet been unable to agree upon the solution of the problem. The Baron de Zach, confining himself to trigonometrical admeasurements, effected by the aid of the choicest instruments, and his own indefatigable industry, has recently calculated that Mont Blanc rises to a height of 15,731 feet above the level of the sea; whence it results, that it is the sire of European mountains. The same astronomer places Mont Rosa next in succession, as he found its elevation to be 15,118 feet, after accurately applying the same instruments to its measurement.

Mont Blanc lies wholly within the dominions of the King of Sardinia, and looks down upon Savoy in a northerly, and the valley d'Aosta in a southerly direction. On the French side, it is said to have been discovered at a distance of more than one hundred and sixty miles in a straight line; and it would be seen from the Isle of Elba, did not an atmospheric range of above ninety leagues exceed the utmost capacity of human vision, even though assisted by the most powerful telescopes. Its summit is styled the "Dromedary's Hump," in consequence of the shape it assumes on the north-eastern side. It is flanked, rather than surrounded, by lofty cliffs, rearing themselves in the form of cupolas, pyramids, and obelisks, and presides with sovereign dignity over this aggregation of granite mountains. Seventeen glaciers spring from its sides; and some of them sweep down a declivity of twelve or fifteen miles in length, resting themselves in the very laps of smiling vallies.

The attempt to attain the summit of Mont Blanc was long considered an impossibility. But the achievement was at last accomplished on the 8th of August, 1786, by two inhabitants of Chamouny, Dr. Paccard and James Balmat, who succeeded in reaching its highest elevation, after encountering and overcoming such obstacles as might have daunted the stoutest heart.

On the 3d of August in the ensuing year, the celebrated Saussure reached the summit, somewhat before noon, and remained there four hours; devoting the interval to those useful experiments, which he subsequently described in his "Voyage among the Alps."

The various ascents of Mont Blanc stand in chronological order, as follows:—

8 Aug. 1786,	Paccard and Balmat	Chamouny.
3 Aug. 1787,	De Saussure	Genevese.
9 Aug. 1787,	Colonel Beaufoy	Englishman.
5 Aug. 1788,	Woodley	Ditto.
20 Aug. 1802,	Baron Dorthesen	Courlander.
	Forneret	Lausanne.
10 Sept. 1812,	Rhodas	Hamburghese.
4 Aug. 1818,	Count Matezeschi	Pole.
19 July, 1819,	Dr. Rensdaer & Howard,	Americans.
13 Aug. 1819,	Undrell	Englishman.
18 Aug. 1822,	Clissold	Ditto.
4 Sept. 1823,	Jackson	Ditto.
26 Aug. 1825,	E. Clarke & M. Sherwell,	Englishmen.
25 July, 1827,	C. Fellows and Harvey	Ditto.
9 Aug. 1827,	Auldjo	Scotchman.

It would appear, from this statement, that out of eighteen ascents, ten were achieved by individuals of British descent; and that, on one occasion, there was a lapse of thirteen, and, on a subsequent one, an interval of nine years, within which no human footstep is recorded to have trodden the formidable summit of Mont Blanc. Occasional ascents may have been made by the people of the country, but no record of them has been preserved.

PHOTOMETRY.

CONVERSAZIONE AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTION.

Friday, March 19.

Mr. Ritchie delivered a very interesting lecture on the comparison of the relative intensity of light. The utility of this art, so far as respects artificial light, is sufficiently obvious, for it enables us to choose that method of illumination which is most effective, regard being had to the necessary degree of economy.

It does not appear that the ancients were acquainted with any method of comparing the intensity of the different species of light, natural and artificial, with which they were necessarily familiar: neither was the subject noticed by any of the early philosophers of modern times, until a work appeared in France in 1729, which treated largely on the nature of light, and pointed out a method of measuring its strength. This formed the basis of some very ingenious experiments performed by Count Rumford at a much later date. The method alluded to, proposes to ascertain the relative intensity of two artificial lights, by comparing the strength of the shadows cast by any small substance illuminated by them. As the process is susceptible of nearly as much accuracy as any mode that has been subsequently suggested, and is at the same time extremely easy of application, our readers, we conclude, will not object to a few details on a subject, which will enable them to perform a useful experiment without any particular apparatus.

If two candles be placed close to each other on a table, and if a small object, such as a pencil, be held up near the wall of the room, so that the shadows of the pencil, cast by the candles, shall fall in contact on a sheet of white paper on the wall, the darkest shadow will indicate the strongest light; because each shadow is formed only by the exclusion of the light of one candle. Now if the shadows are equal, and the candles equidistant from the paper, it is obvious enough the lights must be equal; but if they are unequal, the strongest light must be moved farther off, until equality subsists in the shadows. If the distances of the candles from the paper be thus measured, we are in possession of a mode of finding the relative intensity of the lights; for as light decreases as the square of the distance, all that is necessary to be done is to square the distance from the paper to each light. Thus, supposing a lamp at four feet, is equal to the light of a candle at two feet distance, the relative lights will be as 16 is to 4, or the lamp gives as much light as four such candles.

This method, though simple, is somewhat inconvenient, because it requires one attendant at least to move the lights; and it is only applicable to artificial lights.

Further researches were made in France, by Gauthier, in 1760, and by Lander, about the same time; but no very important discovery resulted from their labours. Count Rumford, in a paper read before the Royal Society in 1784, proposes the method of shadows we have already noticed; and he likewise formed an instrument, consisting of a graduated ruler, &c. for the more convenient management of the lights, and called it a photometer: a print may be seen of this contrivance in the Encyclopædia Britannica.

Dr. Watson, in his Chemical Essays, proposes to blacken the bulb of a thermometer in order to ascertain the heat of the sun's rays; but there is great reason to suspect that the heat thus indicated is too much influenced by reflections from surrounding objects to be accurate, and this opinion is strengthened by the fact, that the thermometer actually shows a greater heat of the sun at the polar regions than at the equator, and travellers who have ascended the Mont Blanc all complain of the scorching heat reflected from the snow. The blacked bulb of a thermometer exposed to the sun in this country, will often rise to 120°, or even 130°. At Rome, in July, it has risen to 153°, and exposed to the sun in Upper Egypt, a heat has been shown of 173°, but the bulb was then laid upon some black earth common on the banks of the Nile.

In the valley of Chamounix, where the snow often lies ten feet deep, the inhabitants take advantage of this property of a black surface to absorb heat, and strew dark-coloured earth over the snow when the sun begins to have power. By these means the snow is soon melted, whereas if it were left to itself, so short is the summer in that sequestered spot, that the land would never be cleared in time for cultivation.

Professor Leslie, whose beautiful instrument, called the Differential Thermometer, is so well known, conceived that that contrivance was also applicable to measuring the intensity of light, but, unfortunately, it is found to be so much affected by partial currents of air, reflections of various kinds, and radiation of heat from one bulb to the other of the instrument, as to be of little use for this purpose, however important its performance is acknowledged to have been in the valuable discoveries of its ingenious inventor.

Mr. Ritchie noticed some other contrivances for measuring light, but as they had not led to any practicable result, we may be permitted to pass them over, and proceed to describe the most approved form of a photometer.

It is proper to mention, in this place, that

the principal use of these researches is to ascertain the comparative advantage of different lights, such as candles, lamps, oil and coal gas, as well in domestic economy as for the important purposes of signals, lighthouses, or beacons. Where the *measurement* of light is spoken of, it only implies *comparison;* and this comparison is effected, not by any instrument which measures the actual quantity, nor by a direct estimate of the difference, but by such circumstances as produce equality of intensity, while theory points out the difference. Thus, in the experiment of the shadows, where one is stronger than the others, it is impossible to say how much it exceeds it in strength, but it may easily be brought to equality, and the increased distance gives us the intensity.

In this way, the calculation of the relative quantity of light emitted by the sun and moon was made many years ago. When the moon appears in the day-time, her disk equals in light the white summer clouds about her, so that if the whole hemisphere were covered with a surface as bright as the moon, it would be the same as if covered with such clouds, and it would thus require 38,000 full moons to give as much light as a bright day.

As the method of shadows was found inconvenient, a † contrivance has lately been effected by enclosing two mirrors of silvered plate glass in a small box, inclined so as to throw the light of two candles, one being on each side of the box, upwards, on two small disks of thin paper put over holes in the top. The box is made to slide backwards and forwards in a grooved board, until the disks are equally illuminated, which may be done with great accuracy. The distance from the box to each light is then measured, the square of the numbers resulting from that admeasurement gives the relative intensity.

According to Count Rumford, who used the method of shadows, the ordinary light of an argand lamp, burning well, is equal to that of four candles, properly snuffed; but when the snuff of a tallow candle was allowed to accumulate, its light was at length so much diminished, that twenty-eight candles in such state were required to give as much light as the lamp. The comparative advantage of using candles, lamps, and gas, and that of one kind of gas over another, has not been ascertained with that accuracy which the subject requires, in order to show by which of these means our necessities are supplied at the smallest expense; and some difficulty is found in attempting the comparison, on account of the different colour of the lights, for it is not easy to say which of two surfaces is most illuminated if they be of different colours.

Mr. Ritchie made a variety of experiments with his reflecting photometer on the strength of different lights, but they were intended more to show the use of the instrument than to establish facts. He tried to measure the light emitted by phosphorus burning in oxygen gas, compared with that of a lamp, but the jar containing the gas not being large enough, it broke by the heat before any result could be obtained. The most interesting of these experiments was with the mode of lighting invented by Mr. Drummond, and employed by him with so much success during the ordnance survey of Ireland, in producing an intense light which might be seen at a great distance even in hazy weather, when there was no other mode of recognizing an important station. This consists of a small globe of common chalk lime, not more than three-eighths of an inch in diameter, supported on a fine metal point, and exposed to the joint action of a stream of oxygen and hydrogen gases, proceeding from two minute tubes, one on each side of the ball. The point which supports the globe is turned slowly round by machinery, in a box beneath, and thus the globe is better exposed to the action of the gases. The light emitted by this contrivance almost exceeds belief. The lime is surrounded by a flame little larger than itself, white as the day-light, and of such an intensity that we could scarcely bear to look at it. The quantity of light emitted was found equal to eighty wax candles burning brightly; but the most extraordinary proof of its extreme intensity, is the fact that it actually cast a well-defined shadow of the flame of a gas light! The lime is but little diminished in bulk by remaining a considerable time exposed to the action of the gases, but it becomes furrowed on its surface, and crystallized during the process.

These experiments will probably induce some scientific person to undertake the comparison of the lights now in use, particularly that afforded by the oil and coal gas, by which their relative value will be better known.

† We believe this is Mr. Ritchie's own invention.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

On Thursday evening, a paper was read by Dr. Roget, the secretary, on the Reflection of light from Specula: and several new members were ballotted for and elected. There was a singularly thin attendance this evening, particularly in the meeting-room, many of the Fellows appearing to prefer coffee and conversation in the Antiquaries room, to the study of philosophy in that of the Royal Society.

ROYAL COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS.

The meeting of Monday last was as fully attended as any of the preceding meetings of the present season. Sir H. Halford, the president, was in the chair. The Bishops of Bristol and St. Asaph were among the visitors.

The registrar read a paper on "Apoplexy of the lungs, coincident with thickening of the mitral valves of the heart," by Dr. James Arthur Wilson. This paper was of considerable length, and thickly interspersed with classical and poetical illustrative quotations. Its author attests the diminished frequency of occurrence of asthma, angina, &c., and considers this to arise from their being now regarded as symptoms merely, and their causes avoided and removed, whilst on the other hand he acknowledges the more frequent appearance of diseases of the heart, and attributes this increase to the very strenuous efforts with which the most powerful emotions are endeavoured to be concealed or suppressed—efforts in themselves of more mischievous tendency than the feelings they seek to hide. One of the cases narrated by Dr. W. was of considerable interest—the lungs were found filled with coagulated blood, and the opening through the mitral valves was so small, that the supply to the circulation could only be by drops; yet notwithstanding the impediment and the consequently depressed circulatory action, the patient (a woman) retained her consciousness and general mental powers in a surprising degree. In the opinion of the Doctor, this instance may throw some light on the theory of trances. A principal object of the paper was also to draw attention to the powerful effects of moral agencies on the heart, and the consequent morbid changes induced.

On the table were several donations of professional works. There was also a good collection of sculls and casts, illustrative of national variations and peculiarities, from the Phrenological Society.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

A learned and interesting dissertation on the Oriel of Pointed Architecture, by Mr. Hamper, a Fellow of the Society, was read on Thursday evening, by the Secretary, Mr. Ellis. An English gentleman and a foreign nobleman were ballotted for, and elected Fellow and Honorary Fellow of the Society.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.

Conversazione, Tuesday, March 23d.

Mr. Aiken, the secretary, read a well-written lecture on Corn Mills, in which he displayed his accustomed research and great historical information. The general knowledge indeed of this gentleman, as well as his perfect acquaintance with all matters immediately relating to his office, are too well known to need encomium; we therefore have less hesitation in observing, that it is to be regretted that the subjects on which his powers are exhibited at the evening-meetings of the Society are not always so judiciously chosen as might be desired. The chief end of scientific public lectures, is to yield such information as cannot well be procured from reading books, or by such means of study as lie within the reach of most individuals. Thus, experiments in chemistry and other sciences, models of machinery, rare specimens of art, valuable drawings, and objects difficult of access, are peculiarly calculated to give interest to a public discourse, and the Society of Arts, from their extensive connexions, have great opportunity of obtaining these advantages; but these avail nothing, when the subject of the lecture is such as that which occupied the attention of the Society on Tuesday, and which presented little or nothing that required or afforded an opportunity for illustration. It is but justice, however, to add, that the history of the contrivances used as mills from the earliest antiquity to the present day, was traced with great care. It appears, from the statement of Mr. Aiken, that until a latter period of the Romans, manual labour was exclusively employed in grinding corn, a practice which has not been extinct more than fifty years in the Western Islands of Scotland. A kind of water-mill is described by Vitruvius; and except in the introduction of the new motive powers of horses, wind, and steam, the discovery of stones better fitted for the purpose, and the advantage of construction arising from a general improvement in machinery, the corn-mill can scarcely be said to have undergone any change for a period of 1500 years.

FINE ARTS.

THE EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

With every disposition to uphold the Society of British Artists, we are not sure that we can conscientiously pronounce the present exhibition to be superior to that of last year. We may safely affirm, however, that as a collection it is highly respectable, and that speaking of it with reference to individual works, it contains many very beautiful pictures. Obliged as we are to postpone a detailed notice of it, to give place to other matters, the interest of which, however great at the moment, will have passed before the return of our day of publication, we cannot delay pointing the attention of our readers to a few of the most striking productions—to the fresh and sparkling "Sea Piece" by Mr. Wilson, and one or two other smaller, but even more excellent productions of the pencil of that artist: to the several pictures by Mr. Inskipp, so true to nature, so full of sentiment, so happy in their simple effects: to the richness of tone and expression which characterize the "Interior of a Highland Cottage," and several other paintings by Mr. Fraser.

The life and spirit in Mr. Davis's portraits of horses, will not pass without commendation, even by those who may not approve of the colouring of the "Halt of the Caravan." To many it

will appear, that Mr. Linton's view of "Naples" might, in its effects of colour, have more resembled the scene it professes to represent,—have been less laboured, and yet have been more beautiful than it is. "The Lake of Albano" will appear a delightful picture to all. Who will not exclaim How good! as they stand before Mr. Leverseige's "Enquiry," and see the old fat, well-fed, good-humoured porter standing before the garden gate!

Who will refuse to admire the elegance and grace, and taste, the artist-like feeling displayed in Mr. Boxall's "Talisman;" or the excellent painting, the beautiful composition, and the true Boccacio sentiment of Mr. J. W. Wright's "Delights of Summer." And for that delightful little cupid in the clouds! Who would not recommend Mr. Frank Howard to cut short his Shakspearean Illustrations, and more frequently exercise his pencil. But we must bid adieu to our Suffolk-street friends, until next week; first, however, by way of a parting word, recommending to the admiration of all, Mr. Boys' spirited sketch of a Pavilion of the Tuileries, in the Drawing and Print room.

ITALIAN OPERA.

"La Donna del Lago" was produced on Tuesday, with Madlle. Blasis as *Elena*, Mad. Petralia as a successor to Mad. Pisaroni, and Santini for the first time. It exhibits Madlle. Blasis to great advantage, and Mad. Petralia showed, in the latter part of the opera, that her musical skill and cultivation could almost atone for an absolute poverty of voice. We conclude that this opera is merely a stopgap, for the "Matilda di Shabran" and "Corradino" is promised to-night, and Mad. Merie Lallande has left home to join us. Her appearance will be the signal for the *real* campaign of the season.

MISS KEMBLE'S BENEFIT.

We have heard that *Portia* was the first character that Miss F. Kemble studied, and it is not unlikely that had it been the first in which she appeared, its performance would have been more successful than at present. An actress of greater experience might find little difficulty in accommodating her talents to parts as remote from each other as the essence of tragedy from that of comedy,—but Miss F. Kemble has hitherto tried but one style, and to depart from it requires a strength as well as pliancy which cannot be expected from one who is yet a novice. This difficulty is, we know, not insuperable. The dignity and gravity of the one may be relaxed and softened down into the softness and smiles of the other—every repetition of the trial will make it more easy—and, by practice, the unused powers will acquire a muscular strength equal to those which we have before seen developed. So at least it strikes us with regard to Miss Kemble's accomplishments as a performer of comedy. A want of ease and self-command is natural, and was to be expected in one whose previous habit could serve so little as an auxiliary,—and the greater part of the character of *Portia* requires a sort of skill the most difficult of all to learn, otherwise than by constant stage practice, and a mere mechanical drilling. The praise, however, which we have to offer to Miss Kemble, is of no mean or temperate kind; for we are instructed by her new performance that her talents are more versatile and full of promise than her best friends had augured; and indications of a peculiar power are here developed which we cannot find anywhere resembled or approached on the English stage. The good-humoured audience were so vociferous during the progress of the play, partly from rapture, partly from the inconvenience of their neighbours' elbows, that much of the dialogue was, we regret to say, inaudible to us; a benefit like this will account for the want of a very near seat, and Miss Kemble's voice has not yet gained enough power to make herself distinctly heard, unless the house be tolerably peaceable, or unless there is an effort in speaking which only the impassioned parts render necessary. This will excuse an absence of minuteness in our criticism—a crowd of other matters must excuse its brevity.

Looking at the general characteristics of Miss Kemble's *Portia*, we should not hesitate to call it as well conceived as any of her characters; for if any fault be found, it is on a disputed matter, viz. her conduct during the fourth act—when, if *Portia* is supposed to be throughout confident of her success, there may be fairly imputed to her representative a too frequent show of solicitude—an interruption to the phlegmatic temper of her assumed profession which cannot be justified. But this version may be combated—as indeed it has been—and *Portia* may be to the last under some uncertainty as to the fate of her experiment. This being granted, her occasional anxiety is not only proper, but absolutely necessary, to support the probability of the case. This act, however, stands alone in the midst of others which require an exhibition of utterly different powers. Of the residue of the play there can be no variance of opinion. With a little more familiarity with it, Miss Kemble will give it all the beauty and effect we can imagine to belong to it. Her modesty, her gracefulness of deportment, the ladylike ease of her conversation, the absence of ostentation, of theatrical mannerism and manœuvre, the feeling and nature of the more earnest passages, the elegance of the badinage, and, above all, the skilful transitions from one to the other—the blending together of many various and almost opposite attributes:—this to achieve is no slight triumph; and this Miss Kemble may be said to have done, though perhaps with not so much facility or completeness as we may expect after two or three repetitions of the performance. *Portia* appears but seldom on the stage.

In the first act, the playful scene with *Nerissa* was defective only in *case*; and this defect may perhaps be attributed to the agitation necessarily caused by the tumultuous and enthusiastic reception which attended Miss Kemble on her *entrée*. With this exception, the witty description of her different suitors was given most skilfully—not as a string of good things, subdivided into so many epigrammatic bits to be applauded—but with a pure and natural flow of fancy, neither obtrusive nor inefficient.

In the third act, the choice of the fortunate casket by *Bassanio*, gives her scope for that tenderness which we have so often admired in Juliet and Belvidera; and subsequently, when she delivers to *Balthazar* an injunction to repair to Padua with all possible speed,—though it was a mere ordinary commission given in an earnest and rapid manner;—yet there was something so true in the utterance—so anxious and appropriate in the manner and demeanour, that it was followed by an applause as vehement as ever rewarded her highest tragic effort. The same, or nearly the same, might have fallen unnoticed from the lips of others; but the mere novelty—the unexpectedness of such words so uttered, especially, too, after a scene of affected calmness—struck every one simultaneously; perhaps as much for what was indicated, as for what was done;—there was a latent spirit, as yet undiscovered, and very different from that which animated her Juliet or Belvidera, her Euphrasia or her Mrs. Beverley.

Taking Miss Kemble's notion of *Portia's* situation, in the fourth act, we cannot hesitate to call it first-rate in all respects. The change to the more measured enunciation of the serious Doctor—his cool interpretation of the law—his calm interrogatories, only for a moment now and then disturbed by a relapse into the natural character of *Portia*, as if surprised by sympathies that could not be entirely hidden—all this was excellent:—and thus it was that the address, in recommendation of mercy, became as it were a necessary incident to the scene; for after the exclamation, "Then must the Jew be merciful!" which is uttered with some fervour, and with a little forgetfulness of her assumed professional indifference, she is almost driven to defend the words, or, at least, to expatiate upon their subject; and in this way the succeeding speech occurs without that impropriety with which it has been charged; and, we must add, that the unambitious way in which it was delivered, divests it of its formality, and gives it a better title to its success than the pompous method of olden time, when every one recognized it at once from the "The Speaker," or Dodd's "Beauties of Shakspeare."

In the fifth act there is more of comedy than in any other, and it was more successfully done. It may be remarked, as a singular proof of the extreme modesty which distinguishes Miss Kemble's style, that nearly all the most applauded passages were of that kind which Mr. Bowdler would have felt inclined to expunge from the drama. Throughout the dialogue about the ring given to the supposed doctor, and *Portia's* meditated revenge for this piece of ungallantry, there is a considerable quantity of equivoque, which even our well-behaved galleries would scarcely venture to applaud, but for the chastity and simplicity which separated from it all its "baser part," and left only the playfulness in which it was both harmless and not unfeminine to indulge. We have forgotten in our enumeration of some of the excellences that struck us in this performance, one most beautiful passage—uttered indeed with a strength of feeling and a reality that exceed everything we have heard even from Miss Kemble: we allude to a simple and unobtrusive sentence in the trial scene, where after delivering the judgment, *Portia* appeals to the Jew—

> "Be merciful:
> Take thrice the money—let me tear the bond."

After this, the secret delight with which the Jew is prohibited by her from spilling one jot of blood—and with which the progressive accumulation of penalties upon him is pronounced, was most happily contrasted with the previous callousness of deportment. Still, as the whole conception of this scene is liable to doubt, we will not insist upon its merits further, but content ourselves with repeating our praise of the remainder, which requires no alteration, and but little improvement.

Of Mr. Kemble's *Shylock*, we have space only to say, that it was better than we expected. It was too dignified, too uniform, too violent at times, and never enough sinister perhaps, but in one or two instances it was better than any *Shylock* we have seen—as, for instance, in the interview with *Tubal*. Mr. Abbot's *Bassanio* is a most intemperate performance—he tears everything to rags—passion or not;—and as for emphasis, he seems resolved to give Shakspeare a new character, by misplacing it in all cases. Mr. Farley's *Gratiano* is very good. We do not know why *Launcelot* is always made so very childish. The whole was received with acclamations of applause, and Miss Kemble and her father had successively to reappear after the close of the performance.

A HINT TO MANAGERS.

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

It is time, we think, that application were made in the proper quarter for the issuing of a commission *de lunatico inquirendo*, to ascertain

the mental condition of the play-going portion of the inhabitants of the "vast metropolis." Not that we would charge that very respectable class of our fellow-citizens with absolute and general insanity—God forbid! It is on one particular point only that we suspect them to be mad. They must, we are persuaded, be subject to partial hallucination—to a monomania, in short, and we discover the exciting cause of the malady to be the clapping of hands. No sooner does a demonstration of this kind take place, than the disorder manifests itself with extreme violence; the fit seizes the whole audience, they lose their reason, all power of discrimination and self-government abandons them, and if thwarted in the least, they become absolutely outrageous. Instances of the existence of this affection have been numerous of late at both theatres, but we can call to mind no occasion on which the disease has displayed itself with such decided and alarming symptoms as on Tuesday night, on the performance of "Guy Mannering?" when almost every song was encored, and a new vocalist, Mr. Anderson, was received with such extravagant clamours of applause, as could scarcely have been exceeded in noise or rapture, had it been the God of Music or Paganini himself, who had bewitched the assembly. After the curtain had fallen, Mr. Anderson—happy man! (fortunatus nimium, sua si, &c. but alas! he seemed insensible to his situation—) was loudly called for. Mr. Cooper was not allowed to announce, Mr. Manager Wallack could not make himself heard in explanation. There was a general row: the house stormed, the manager looked pale and bit his lips, (through apprehension or indignation?) but the fit was on, and nothing would satisfy the patient but that the protégé should be brought forward to receive uproarious greetings on his successful début. Mr. Wallack accordingly retired, and returned leading in the bashful Mr. Anderson, who having bowed first to the *côté droit*, then to the *côté gauche*, then to the *centre gauche* and the *centre droit*, and lastly to the *centre*, as humble and grateful duty required, stood like a stock, not knowing what further remained for him to do, until Mr. Manager, with an air which it would defy the power of words to give an idea of, *motioned* him to withdraw. We may be allowed, perhaps, to take this occasion of counselling the managers of theatres generally, to look to their manners in addressing the public. A very silly, and often a very unreasonable animal, no doubt, is this same public; but actors after all are the servants of this foolish monster, and servants too who, the very best of them, often stand in need of indulgence at the hands of their master. Now we beg to remind our managers, that it is not usual for servants, with the exception always of pretty saucy abigails, how perfect soever they may be in their calling, to laugh in the face of their employers, or turn up their noses in their presence: it is customary at least to keep their smiles and their sneers for the kitchen. That it may be humiliating and loathsome to the high-mindedness of personages like Mr. Wallack to have to make excuses to the rabble, as they are deemed, who fill the upper and lower regions of their theatre, we can well conceive; but since the necessity of obedience and submission is acknowledged, let them perform their parts like good actors at least, and permit no symptom of contemptuous feeling for their patrons to glimmer through their half-simulated respect. Study your looks better, Mr. Wallack: or, what perhaps is more necessary, correct your feeling; cultivate a sentiment of respect for an assemblage of a thousand or two of Englishmen—mad though they be. The necessity of apparent respect is obvious, and you cannot be so ignorant of the fundamental principles of your art, as not to be aware that the easiest way of acting well is to study to feel what you are required to represent. And Mr. Beverley, too—John Bull has no orange in store for you; the memory of a sister and brother, your own merits as an actor, not to speak of other *claims* of your family to public favour, are too imposing to allow that such an outrage should ever be directed at you even by the most brutal,—yet never again be tying your cravat when you appear on the stage as manager.

But to "Guy Mannering" and Mr. Anderson. This gentleman is, after all, a very respectable vocalist, and although the extravagant applause lavished on him could hardly be justified, but on the plea of encouraging a beginner, it cannot be denied that he displayed very promising qualities. He possesses a tenor voice of agreeable tone, and in the management of it displays considerable dexterity and cultivation, and some taste, although not a great deal of feeling. He has, in a degree, the manner of Braham, but wants altogether the spirit and the power of that performer. He may prove an useful acquisition to the *corps d'opéra* of either of the London theatres. The pet, *par excellence*, played the part of Julia Mannering, and vestrisized it according to her custom. It seemed rather hard on this lady, by the bye, and scarcely consistent with her dignity as a first-rate public favourite, to be obliged to stand with her hands before her, while Mr. Anderson and Miss Betts respectively executed repetitions of their songs. Surely a polite public should have more consideration for singers of first-rate eminence, and not call for encores while they are on the stage, unless of pieces in which they take a part! Mr. Harley, as *Dominie Sampson*, wants solidity and solemnity.†

POPPING THE QUESTION.

There are two modes of popping the question—there may be more, but at present we have only to do with two—the one instinctive and practised by men in love, the other ratiocinative, and practised by men who think it right to get married. The respective merits of these methods of transacting a very simple affair, are happily illustrated in the lively little piece brought out on Tuesday last at Drury-lane, and adapted, we believe, from a paper in one of the Annuals of 1829. The youthful *Henry Thornton*, desperately enamoured of the heroine of the piece, *Ellen Murray*, falls on his knees, avows his passion, and ardently implores her to consent to marry him. The young lover's proceeding gives infinite satisfaction to *Bobbin* the waiting-woman, who declares that, in all her experience, she never heard the question so well popped. Then enters the prim old bachelor, *Mr. H. Primrose*. *Mr. Henry Thornton* conceals himself. The elderly gentleman is the guardian of *Ellen*; and now, having been 'eight and forty these twelve years,' thinks it high time to change his state. He has accordingly cast his eyes on his lovely ward. Hence the example of the ratiocinative mode of popping the question—in other words, the roundabout way suggested by much meditating on the subject. The spruce old gentleman, after carefully removing a tiny thread that seemed litter on the lady's chair, sets about sounding her as to her desire to be married. From this discourse arises the first equivoque, for as it happens that both the youthful and the aged suitor are named Henry, the old gentleman interprets the satisfaction expressed by his ward, at the idea of having gained her guardian's consent to the marriage she desires, to be an acceptance of his own proposals. He then hastens to consult his two maiden friends, *Mrs. Biffin* and *Mrs. Winterblossom*, on the important step he is about to take; or rather, as in such cases is wont, to impart to them his own determination. This he does also with a circumbendibus—he mystifies these fair dames, and leaves each of them under the impression that he has offered his hand to herself, and has been accepted. Thus has *Mr. Henry Primrose*, by his old-bachelor mode of popping the question, brought himself to a whimsical dilemma. Where he intended to make proposals, he is understood to have consented to the marriage of another; and in two quarters, in which he never dreamed of offering himself at all, he is considered a betrothed bridegroom. This double mistake gives rise to a third equivoque, and a very ludicrous scene takes place between the ancient maids, each inviting the other to be bridesmaid. The moment of éclaircissement, however, arrives in due course, and there ensues a violent quarrel between the two candidates for the hand of *Mr. Primrose*, on the subject of their respective pretensions. The storm rages, and the dispute is only settled at last by the intervention of the bridegroom himself, who clears up the matter by the simple declaration, that the object of his choice was neither *Mrs. Biffin* nor *Mrs. Winterblossom*, but *Miss Ellen Murray*. In the mean time, however, and while all these important consultations have been going on, the instinctive mode of popping the question had triumphed; *Mr. Henry Thornton* and *Miss Ellen Murray* are already man and wife, and now present themselves to demand the blessing of *Mr. Primrose*. On becoming acquainted with the real state of affairs, the prudent bachelor very wisely declares that he will never pop the question again. The plot of this piece, although simple, is in itself lively; it is well managed, the equivoques are sustained with spirit and ingenuity, and the acting of Mr. Farren's *Primrose*, and of Mrs. Glover, Mrs. C. Jones and Mrs. Orger, as *Mrs. Biffin*, *Mrs. Winterblossom* and *Bobbin*, did it more than justice. The piece as performed, afforded indeed a most agreeable hour's amusement, and well merited the favourable reception it met with. It was given out for repetition with universal approbation. It is the production, we hear, of Mr. Buckstone.

PERFECTION; OR, THE LADY OF MUNSTER.

On Thursday night another novelty, in the shape of a two-act farce, from the pen of Mr. T. H. Baily, called "Perfection, or, the Lady of Munster," went successfully through the ordeal of a first representation. It is a piece of the lightest of the light kind; but was brought off with considerable *éclat*, in spite of its endless repetitions, and the slow march of the greater part of the first act, by the very pleasant performance of Madame Vestris and Mr. Jones. A few very smart and extravagant puns, which made one at the same time laugh and feel ashamed to laugh, contributed in some measure, no doubt, to its success. It pleased the audience vastly, and towards the close was much applauded. The plot is simply this:—A lady, all perfection, makes the conquest of a fastidious gentleman, who has vowed that nothing but perfection will suit him, by affecting imperfections from which she is in reality free. The *Lady of Munster* sings and draws and dances to admiration,—(Madame Vestris's accomplishments, in these respects—the daughter of Bartolozzi, of course, draws—are undoubted,)—but feigns to be ignorant of the two former arts, and pretends that a cork-leg prevents her dancing!

FRENCH PLAYS.—HAYMARKET.

The performances of this week have not satisfied the expectations even of that most accommodating of audiences, the frequenters of the French play. There has been a plentiful

† A correspondent desires us to inquire if the arranger of "Guy Mannering" is supposed to have intended a Joe Miller jest, when he put into the mouth of Flora the exclamation, "Can it be earthly music!" on hearing the distant sound of a *wind* instrument.

supply of novelty, but a most plentiful lack of wit. Managers are waxing as economical as our newly-converted country gentlemen, and instead of luxury and high prices, it seems the study of one and the other how to keep the machine, national or theatrical, in motion with the least possible supply. Thus the ruler of the Haymarket appears disposed to give us nonsense and a second-rate troop, as long as a moderately-filled house can be obtained thereby; and he of Covent Garden has afflicted a patient public for thirty nights successively with two performances, that bear the pleasant titles of "Teddy the Tiler," and "Robert the Devil," because the attraction of Miss F. Kemble fill the theatre every night at the first price, and so it matters not what follows as far as his finances are concerned. It would be more good-natured and plain-dealing, however, to give no second performance whatever, and then the poor audience might reach their homes by eleven, and so escape many ugly dreams. But we are travelling out of the record.

The most important production of this week, at least in point of bulk, is "Le Maître de Forges," a two-act vaudeville, having for subject, a rebellion, and for conspirators, a crew of blacksmiths. The remorse and compunction of the French Wat Tyler, who is flattered back to his duty by the arts of his master's daughter, afford room for the effusion of many tears and sentiments, and the superior personages of the drama "condole," like Bottom, "in some measure." One of the many points in which the French nation are superior to our own, is the knowledge they have for some time posssessed (a knowledge dearly purchased), that men of the lowest class have feelings as well as their superiors, and may be moved like them to love or hatred, wrath or pity: they have gone still further, and very rightly judged, that as these feelings are common to all ranks of human nature, a display of them even in persons of very low degree, should give to such a very natural and powerful interest in the eyes of their fellow men, be the ground-work fiction or reality. This, as every one knows, is an idea quite foreign to aristocratical England, where it is necessary to make your hero a man of good birth at least, before a reader or spectator of the higher classes can possibly condescend to sympathize with him. Had the *Maître de Forges* been a really natural and affecting composition, it is quite impossible to suppose that any breast in the Druid circle of the first tier, could have been awakened to interest about the sufferings and deeds of blacksmiths, and so at all events such a piece could not have been brought forward with much show of judgment. But it happens, furthermore, to be neither natural nor pleasing,—belonging not to that class of modern French productions we wish to recommend as encouraging in the higher classes sympathy and interest for their inferiors, but to another equally rife with our neighbours, in the form of vaudeville and tale, where the vulgarity of the uneducated, and the affectation of the over-refined, are combined with care to produce a most offensive whole. In such a case, it was not to be expected that much pleasure should be derived from a plot which turns on a combination of workmen against a master blacksmith, on account of his agent's severity, whereupon that master instead of dismissing the object of the displeasure of his men, rewards his fidelity with his daughter's hand before them all, (a bold measure,) and they incontinently grow remorseful and return to their work, finishing with a hammer and anvil chorus, closely after the style of the Cyclops in our old favourite "Mars et Venus." Not even the close resemblance of the *Maître Forgeron* and his head man, to Charles Dix and his faithful Polignac could dispel the apathy we felt, though both in circumstances and in good judgment the two pairs appear pretty exactly similar, with the little difference that the repentance of the forgerons over the water is yet to come. Nor could we help agreeing with an eminent political economist near us, who complained loudly that the main interest of the piece was neglected, as it did not transpire whether the discontented blacksmiths obtained a rise of wages.

Jean qui pleure et Jean qui rit is a mere absurdity, but Potier contrives to cry in such a way, that every one else must laugh perforce. His performance of the Perruquier-poëte on Monday, was also truly excellent. After these very indifferent novelties, it was quite a relief to hail "Les Frères féroces," which, though nonsense like the former, and a most poor copy of the "Critic," is at least amusing nonsense. It would be injustice not to add that Potier's *M. Bonardin* has completely effaced, by its superior merit, all recollection of Perlet in this part.

THEATRICAL CHIT-CHAT.

OWING to some misunderstanding at Covent Garden, Mr. Pocock's Easter-piece of the "Black Gondola" is withdrawn, and a melo-drama of Mr. Peake's, called the "Delaware," is in active preparation to supply the deficiency.

— The subject of the forthcoming Easter-piece at Drury Lane, is the well known oriental story of The Flying Carpet. Harley personates the hero, a part of great strength and humour of situation.

— H. Phillips is among the latest engagements at Drury. He appears in an adaptation of Rossini's "William Tell," and sustains the part of the hero.

— Miss Foote is about to perform for a few nights at Dover.

— Miss Graddon has succeeded Mrs. Waylett at the West London.

— Horn is still the leading vocalist at Dublin.

— T. P. Cooke is making a successful tour through the North of Ireland.

— Master Burke returns to the Surrey in a few weeks.

— Young, the tragedian, has been playing at Bath to very indifferent houses.

LADY BYRON AND MR. MOORE.

WE feel little disposed to animadvert on the the letter of Lady Byron, except to prove, that we are not unmindful of what is passing around us. To publish at length the reflections which it suggests, would be to interfere beyond our province or our desire, in the private concerns of individuals. It may be allowed us, however, without any fear of trespassing against propriety, to observe, that praiseworthy as the motive, and becoming as the tone of the paper in question may be—and the latter is as creditable to the station and acquirements of Lady Byron, for it is truly ladylike, as the former is to her notions of filial duty—it has set no question fully at rest. That Lord Byron was impressed with the idea of undue interference, between himself (and his lady, on the part of her Ladyship's friends, is clear from his letters; and what degree of evidence ought to satisfy the world, at this distance of time, that that impression was unfounded, it is not perhaps, very easy to decide. It is scarcely to be expected, that that which has been offered, will be deemed quite conclusive. The mystery moreover, in which, some of the most important transactions of the life of Lord Byron—important, as they affect his character as a man—are involved, is as far as ever from being removed. It is better for all parties, perhaps, that the veil should remain undrawn. What has transpired on this occasion, however, teaches us how little reliance is to be placed on the best authenticated memoirs, as furnishing the means of forming a just estimate of a man's real character.

The King of Bavaria v. *the Critics.*—M. Esslair, an actor and manager of the Court Theatre at Munich, having taken offence at the remarks of certain critics, who in the Munich paper reproached him, among other faults, with fishing up from a twenty-five years collection, old obsolete pieces, in which he had figured in the early part of his career, thought it proper to tender his resignation. On this the King penned the following declaration:—

Munich, Feb. 15, 1830.

"The resignation of the distinguished actor Esslair cannot be accepted; to do so would be sacrificing art to criticism. He may rest satisfied with the assurance that he has my good wishes and has given me perfect satisfaction; and that all true connoisseurs and amateurs of his art render him full justice. I recommend it once for all, as a maxim to be adopted by the performers of my theatre, that it is my approbation and that of the enlightened portion of the public that they are to aim at gaining, and not the voice of a few atrabilarious party-men. There is no reason why this declaration should not be published."

Equality of Level of the Ocean and the Mediterranean Sea.—Two French officers, employed in measuring France with a view to a trigonometrical description of that kingdom, took the opportunity of turning their attention to the settlement of the long-disputed point, whether the level of the Mediterranean is really, as has been often admitted, lower than that of the Ocean. From the inquiries and calculations of these officers, there resulted a difference of metres 0.88. But the inquiry then suggested itself whether this difference might not be attributed to inevitable errors in their observations; and on the application of a general rule, laid down by M. Fourier for calculating the degree of exactness of any result deduced from a number of observations liable to error, it appears that the alleged difference in the level of the two seas, is much below what would be allowed for errors according to the received rule, and that consequently there is no proof of an actual difference in the level of the two seas.

— The mosaic portrait of the King, now exhibiting in Bond-street, and which we noticed a few weeks ago, employed the artist D. Moglia Romano four years in completing, and contains 1,160,650 pieces of mosaic stone.

Expense of maintaining Roads in France.—In the course of twenty months, says the author of a brochure on road-making, somewhat dissatisfied that his own suggestions have not been followed, forty-six millions of francs have been *converted into dust* on 8,000 leagues of the King's highway (*routes royales*), thirteen millions have experienced the same destiny on 7,000 leagues of country roads (*routes departementales*), and in the 40,000 communes of France, the statute duty (*prestations en nature*), the value of which cannot be estimated at less than 30 millions, have been consumed with the most stupid unconcern in the yawning ruts of more than 200,000 leagues of parish roads (*routes vicinales.*)

— At a lecture on Comparative Anatomy, delivered at the Westminster Co-operative Institution by Mr. Dewhurst, on Friday March 12th, a fine adult skeleton of an individual stated to have belonged to Napoleon's Legion of Honour, and to have fought at the battle of Waterloo, was produced. The person of whom this was the skeleton, although once an officer in the French army, had, within the last few years, suffered great poverty, and died in the Hôtel-Dieu at Paris, where his body, not having been claimed by his friends, was dissected as a matter of course, by the pupils of that establishment.

Resemblance between Chinese Music and Scotch. The Chinese have made little improvement in music, since the time when Father Semedo and Dr. Careri wrote. Their gamut is certainly the diatonic scale of the Greeks; it consists of five whole notes, and (contrary to Dr. Burney's opinion) two semi-tones; and their melodies very much resemble those of Scotland. The Abbé Roussier, in the second article of his *Mémoires sur la Musique des Anciens*, mentions an old Chinese scale, of six notes, which Rameau has preserved. The Abbé and Rameau differ as to the nature of this scale, which, according to the latter, produces, by applying the numbers to ascending fifths, the Scottish scale, adding only a note to complete the octave, thus,—C, D, E, G, A, a. "The only specimen of Chinese music which Rousseau has given in his Dictionary, from Du Halde, seems to confirm," in Dr. Burney's opinion, "Rameau's scale; for except in one passage, at the beginning of the third bar, when F natural comes in so awkwardly, as to raise a suspicion that it has been inserted by a mistake of the engraver, the *fourth* and *seventh* of the key are scrupulously mixed throughout; and nothing can be more Scottish than the whole cast of the air." Dr. Burney says, that "all the specimens of Chinese melody which he had been able to collect were of this sort;" and Dr. Lind, who had resided for some time in China, assured Dr. Burney, "all the melodies he had heard there bore a strong resemblance to the old Scots tunes." The Doctor farther observes, that the octave produced by omitting the third note downwards in two tetrachords, as the second was omitted in the enharmonic of Olympus, gives exactly the Chinese scale of the Abbé Roussier, concluding as follows: "The Chinese scale, take it which way we will, is certainly very Scottish. It is not my intention to insinuate by this, that the one nation had its music from the other, or that either was obliged to ancient Greece for its melody, though there is a strong resemblance in all three. The similarity, however, proves them all to be more natural than they at first seem to be, as well as more ancient. The Chinese are extremely tenacious of old customs, and equally enemies to innovation with the ancient Egyptians, which favours the idea of the high antiquity of this simple music; and, as there is reason to believe it very like the most ancient of the Greek melodies, it is not difficult to suppose it to be a species of music that is natural to a people of simple manners, during the infancy of civilization and the arts among them."—*Constable's Miscel.—History of Music.*

Tea and Biscuits.—The present King of France, after he had been previously married to a Princess of Savoy, kept Mademoiselle Du Thé (who was afterwards Mistress to Lord E——). At that time the Parisian *jeu de mot* was, that the Count D'Artois "*préféré le thé au biscuit de Savoie.*"

Napoleon without a Son, and Napoleon Emperor. "When Bonaparte was paying his court to Mde. de Beauharnais," says De Bourrienne, "neither of them kept a carriage, and he, being passionately in love, and a most assiduous suitor, escorted his intended about the town, and especially on her visits to her agent's. They went one day together to the office of the notary Raguideau, who by the bye was one of the smallest men I have ever seen. Madame de Beauharnais, who placed great confidence in Raguideau, had come to him that day expressly for the purpose of communicating her intention of accepting the hand of the young general of artillery, the protégé of Barras. Josephine was accordingly closeted alone with the notary, while Bonaparte waited in the outer office, occupied by the clerks. The door of Raguideau's cabinet, however, not being shut close, the general overheard the lawyer dissuading Madame Beauharnais from the marriage she was about to contract. "You are very imprudent," said the notary; "you may have to repent this step as long as you live; it is madness to go and marry a man who has nothing but his sword to depend on."—"Bonaparte," said Josephine, when she told me these prior circumstances, "had never alluded to this, and I had no idea that he had heard what Raguideau had said. Imagine my astonishment then, Bourrienne, when on the day of the coronation, as soon as he had put on the imperial robes, he said, 'Go and find Raguideau, and bring him here immediately.' Raguideau soon made his appearance, and the Emperor said to him 'Well, and have I nothing now but my sword to depend on?'" Eight years had elapsed since the scene at the office of the notary; and Bonaparte, although he had borne in mind the discourse of M. Raguideau, had never mentioned that he was privy to it, to a single soul, not even to De Bourrienne at the time when he was in the habit of making his secretary the confidant and depository of all his projects and secrets.

Crispin a Connoisseur!—At Milan, there lives a boot-maker, possessor of a "Gallery of Sculpture, Paintings and Engravings," which contains choice specimens of many of the most eminent masters, not only of the Italian Schools, but, what is rare in Italy, of the Flemish, and also several productions of the best chisels. The name of this tasteful son of Crispin is Ronchetti; and I can assure you, (says a correspondent in Galignani's Messenger,) by my own experience, his zeal as a Mæcenas has not prejudiced his skill as a professor of the "last." On the contrary, I never in my life was so well fitted, while the materials and workmanship are admirable. His habit is to prepare only one boot at first, in order to try, and there is an anecdote of Napoleon and him, arising out of this custom. The Emperor, when at Milan, hearing of the famous boot-maker, ordered a supply. Ronchetti, according to custom, came in a day or two with one boot to try on. The Emperor was in Council, and the fitter of his UNDERSTANDING had to wait two hours, until his patience was wholly exhausted. "I leave the boot," said he to the servant in waiting. "and His Majesty may try it at his leisure." It fitted to perfection, but never could the Italian Hoby be prevailed upon to make a fellow to it. The Emperor alternately menaced and cajoled, but the man of leather was proof against both. We wonder never to have seen this singular and ingenious person named by tourists in Italy—he is quite a lion in his way. His conversation is interesting and piquant with anecdotes of the Arts, and eminent personages whom he has seen in his double capacity of connoisseur and artist.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD, Mar. 20.—On Thursday last the following degrees were conferred:

Bachelor in Civil Law,—Samuel Burh Toller, Trinity College.

Master of Arts,—The Rev. Robert T. Pilgrim, Trinity College.

On Saturday last, Mr. Wm. Traine Fortescue was admitted actual Fellow of New College.

The Examiners appointed to elect a Scholar on the foundation of Dean Ireland, have announced to the Vice-Chancellor the election of Peter Samuel Henry Payne, Scholar of Balliol.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Mr. Babbage has nearly completed a work on the Causes which have influenced the Decline of Science in England.

A single volume of "Three Courses and a Dessert," with 50 Engravings, from Original Drawings by George Cruikshank, will shortly offer itself in aid of the carekillers.

A Panorama of the Maine, from Mayence to Frankfort, drawn from nature by F. W. Delkeskamp, accompanied with a Description of the places which stud the banks of the river and a minute account of Frankfort, is about to appear.

A Panoramic View of the most remarkable objects in Switzerland, taken from Mount Righi, by Henry Keller, and a Circular View of Switzerland, from the same station, by General Pfyffer, to be accompanied by descriptive details, will shortly be presented to the public.

Erratum.—In No. 123, p. 139, (Report of the Royal Society,) Mr. *Charles* Bell was mentioned instead of Mr. *Thomas* Bell.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Early in May will be published, with a Portrait, 2 vols. 4to.

THE LIFE of BISHOP HEBER, with Selections from his CORRESPONDENCE, and from his UNPUBLISHED WORKS.

By HIS WIDOW.

JOHN MURRAY, Albemarle-street.

Just published,

A Fourth Edition of Bishop Heber's Indian Journal. 3 vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 16*s.*

THE SPECTATOR WEEKLY NEWSPAPER.

The Third Volume of The Spectator begins with the year 1830. Those who intend to become new Subscribers should give their orders to the Newsvenders in town and country, without delay; as the increase of demand is so great and rapid, that it will soon be impossible to supply the back numbers.

The Spectator avows the ambitious aim of being at once the most *informing*, the most *amusing*, and the *fairest* of all Newspapers.

Its large, though not unwieldy size, enables the editor, by careful selection and laborious compression, to record every useful fact and interesting occurrence, whether at home or in foreign countries; and at the same time to give an uncommonly large space to original compositions by some of the ablest pens.

Politics are treated chiefly as matter of history, and with an impartial exhibition of all the leading facts and arguments on every side from every source. The Spectator is not a sectarian or a partisan, in any sense, but a citizen of the world.

Fair Criticisms on all the New Books of note are given, and the best passages are selected, for the entertainment of those whose time may be too much occupied to read the original works. The Drama is reviewed in a spirit of benevolent though free criticism; and Music is treated at once scientifically and popularly as an elegant art.

Being a Newspaper, and not a mere literary Periodical, the Spectator exhibits life and society as they exist: but being also a Journal for Families, it systematically excludes from its pages every paragraph, sentiment, and expression unfit for universal perusal in respectable circles.

There are two editions—one for the country, published on Saturday, in time to be sent by the post of that evening; another for town, published very early on Sunday morning, and bringing down all public news to the latest hour. Those who prefer the latter edition (which is easily distinguished) should give particular orders to that effect to their Newsmen.

CONTEMPORARY TESTIMONIES IN FAVOUR OF THE SPECTATOR.

"North. There, James, lies the Spectator, a new weekly paper of some half-year's standing, or so, of the highest merit, and I wish I had some way of strenuously recommending it to the reading public. The Editor, indeed, is Whiggish and a Pro-Catholic, but moderate, steady, and consistent in his politics. Let us have no turn-coats. His precis of passing politics is always admirable; his mercantile information—that I know, on the authority of no good a judge as lives, is correct and comprehensive; miscellaneous news are collected judiciously and amusingly from all quarters: the literary department is equal, on the whole, to that of any other weekly periodical. I nowhere see better criticism on poetry, and nowhere nearly so good criticism on theatricals. Some critiques there have been, in that department, superior in exquisite truth of tact to any thing I remember—worthy of Elia himself, though not apparently from Elia; and in accounts of foreign literature, especially French, and above all, of French politics, a subject on which I need to be enlightened, I have seen no periodical at all equal to the Spectator.

"Shepherd. The numbers you sent out deserved a' that ye said o' them. Its a maist entertieenin' and instructive—a maist miscellawneous miscellany.

"North. And without being wishy-washy—

"Shepherd. Or weersh—

"North. The Spectator is impartial. It is a fair, open, honest, and manly periodical."—*Blackwood's Mag.* April, 1829.

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